

THROUGH THE LONG NIGHT.

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BOMB OF BEAN DUNDAS," "PASTON CARREW,"
&c., &c.

CHAPTER IX.

IN DOUBT AND DREAD.

Allured by Mrs. Clanciarde, spurred on by his father—who, however, was in a wrong latitude altogether; conscious of the "res angusta" in the home of her loved, and without present means of his own to help her secretly, as she would; personally invited by Estelle and knowing that he was really loved by her as such a man would love a girl raised above him by fortune, and placed within his power to protect by fortune—poor Caleb's sense of general base and confusion, perplexity and indecision, rendered his life at this moment a real tragedy—if we allow that feelings are so tragic as events. Shaken and distraught, he scarcely knew what he ought to do; for nothing is harder than to hold fast by our own clearer perceptions of the inappropriate and impossible against reasonings and enticements which go the same way as our inclinations. No "cross-hatching" of the engraver is fuller of interrupted while so convinced, and Caleb spent his days and nights in wondering whether and if—and could it be—and no! it never could—and he was a fool for his pains—none bigger.

Yet often the flattering thought passed through his brain, like a shooting star cleaving the dark heavens before his eyes. "I would make her so good a husband—I would so tenderly care for her; so guard her from all pain and trouble—I would worship her and reverence her so deeply, that in time she would learn to care for me. And if she could never love me as I love her, she would at least come to love herself and forbearance with me. I would love her so that she must in time a little love me!"

Man ever makes the same mistake, and the loving think that the very gift of love—its very passion and intensity—perforce must win return. Oh, fools and blind! who water the barren rock with your heart's blood, and look for the rare red rose as your reward! As if reluctant love were not its own free gift, and gratitude for an unshared affection but so much snow-fallen on the ice! Love may burn at the stake and die a beggar for the beloved; it may stand on the pillory and be pelted by the crowd; it may be consigned to the flames and disfavoured it may give its all—faith, home, and fame—as freely as our dying hero gave that cup of water to the wounded soldier; but by the force of its own strength only will it gain nothing in return. Can the sun compel the dew, save by the free gift of the generous earth? Does it rise at his bidding from the shores of the Dead Sea, from the sand of the desert, from the marble rocks of Penticost? Yet the same glory pours down on these as on that flower-lit meadow—that fragrant garden, where the dew lies thick like living jewels—that lavish boon of beauty given out by earth in voluntary response. So with love. It is not its own strength that compels, and the heart sheds its blood in vain.

And all this Caleb knew, as well as he knew that the chrysalis must develop according to its own laws, and that folding it in rose leaves or cushioning it on satin will be of no avail if the hour of its butterfly birth be not come. Yet he suffered himself to be at times deceived by hope and desire, and the mirage which looked as if it might be real!

His father was not one of the least of his trials at this moment. Not only had his frequent association with the better-bred and more gently nurtured young Caleb, the great friend between his own people and them—himself and them—but it had also told so far on his own nature as to make him painfully sensitive to things he formerly accepted as of the natural order of life. His father's rude jokes and coarse good humour had once been as pleasant as those rough-and-tumble larks with the kitchen wench in the hay-loft or the stable boys in the harness-room. Now the one was as abhorrent as the other, and he wondered how he could ever have enjoyed a mental diet so coarse or so brutal.

When Miles shouted to him as he came home after he had laid Lady Elizabeth to rest, the Clanciarde said: "Well, lad! how's thy woman going? When's it to have my lady's daughter to hand into her carriage, and her little one to give his first silver mug to?" Caleb thought with a shudder of the sacrilege it would be to see Estelle familiarly treated by such hands; and how could he ask her to come to such a home? Not all the wealth of Golconda could gild over their essential poverty of condition, nor make this gorgeous, flashy, brand-new hideous house of theirs—this cross between a barracks and a gin-palace—fit for her reception. His father told her as he came to kiss her; to punch her cheek and dig her in the ribs to crack jokes at the expense of her delicacy, her modesty; or, if he were so minded, to profane her ears by words and oaths she did not know existed—his mother, good, weak, painful soul, to treat her as a timid servant might treat a gracious mistress playing at companionship; and he himself unlovely, ungainly—when he looked at himself in the glass, hot blushes dyed his cheeks, and impotent despair convulsed his heart for shame of the thing he saw—that thing which no woman could love—that beast for whose salvation from mortal anguish no beauty would give her redemption kiss.

No, he could not ask her. He had nothing to give her; no family worthy of her adoption; no home where she ought to abide; no husband who was fit to touch the tips of her slender fingers, still less take her by the hand and call her sweet body his! He had nothing but his money that she would value; his love he knew too well she would not!

Then, his round, light eyes, a little red about the rims, staring into vacancy, and his clumsy mouth half open, he would look such a pitiful woe-begone creature that Miles scarce knew whether to laugh at his face for derision or "give him a clout on the head" for wrath. He managed to convey the effect of both by the way in which he used to clasp him on the back with that heavy shoulder of mutton fist of his; while braying, as much as shouting, he would call out in tones that made Caleb writhe and the mother start and quiver with sudden fear:

"Now then, m-m-calf, where be thy wits—a wool-gathering after thy painted bus or the laze? Sakes alive! but thou'rt verily the biggest fool that ever walked on twos! Since Nebuchadnezzar went on four!"

After such an ordeal as this Caleb would rouse himself and try to do a son's devoir and be something of a fit companion for his roystering parent. But all that he did was done so faintly, heartily he on full down into the mire of his father's disgrace, and widened the distance between them, already wide enough as things were. These awkward efforts at congenial festivity of mind and manner were for the most part cut short by a fit of swearing like to the rolling of thunder; when his father would either order him out of his sight for a jakes that wasn't worth a man's meat—a half-baked potato that wasn't fit for a pig to eat—or else he himself would dash out of the room in a rage that nothing short of a good half bottle of whisky could reduce into his ordinary wide-mouthed good humour.

"That I should be plagued with such double-decked dinners as I have!" he once said to that former mate of his and present head-gardener and confidential friend, Jim Fisher, after an outburst of more than usual violence with Caleb. "There's the missis, she's as dumb as a codfish and as dumb as a dead niddy; and except for prayers and parsons hardly knows her right hand from her left, or which leg to put foremost. She doesn't know the value of a good gown when she's got one on her back, and would as lief go in rags as silks and

satins. She's not to be made a lady of, were the Angel Gabriel sent to put his hand to it! And that kind of her is not a pound better. Neither one nor t'other knows meat from meal, and whether it's a raw turnout or a juicy pear from t'outh wall, they neither take heed or care. She's only a pit-brow lass when all's said and done; and as for the lad, he's as cracked as an old tin kettle, and fit for nought but to be tied to a dog's tail and sent a whizzing over t'fields. He's not worth his salt, isn't Caleb, takes him how you will, and money does him no more good than a sackful of oats to a dead jackass. I'm fairly fed and maddered between the pair of them; and that's a fact, Jim, let who will hear me!"

"I've always told ye, Miles, ye cannot change the nature of man or beast," said Jim sentimentally. He enjoyed these occasions for taking down his former mate and present master, and of making him feel that luck was not equal to sense, anyhow, and that though he, Miles, had the purse, it was himself, Jim, who had the brains. "The missis is one of them who are frightened at their own shadows, and cannot say bota to a goose, were't ever so; and her lad is bound to take after her, as she does. And then you yourself, Miles, are but a bad paymaster for such as they; for you have a hard hand and a heavy way with you that doesn't fit with feared folk; and you don't spare the rough side of your tongue when you've a mind to give 'em a lick, which is as often as you are away crossed."

"And you'd give 'em a lick, too, Jim, let me tell you, if you were bothered with such a couple of jennies," retorted Miles.

"I'd know my catechism better," said Jim, drawing down his long upper lip with puritanical primness. "What's the good of wanting pigs to fly, Nature, and your lad and his mother have theirs."

"Good Lord! what do I ask of 'em!" roared Miles in a fury. "Only that they should enjoy themselves and take the good of what I've got to give 'em. If I were like some, now, as skimped and gruged, then they might out, but I'm not of that make. I want those I have to do with to be as well off as myself, and to take the good of what I have. If the missis and the lad had a mind to eat off gold they should have it. And, what—the devil take it! I'd rather they spent like water than be what they are, that lily-livered they can't enjoy themselves any more than a couple of scorpions in a cherry tree!"

"Ah, well, you see, Miles, lad, a boy can take a horse to the water, but ten men can't make him drink. Your folk are not born that way. They don't value all this here"—Jim described a vague circle in space—"and they'll never use themselves to it. That's my opinion, and I'll maintain it."

"Then," said Miles, with a comprehensive oath that took in the sight of his eyes and the salvation of his soul, "if they don't and won't I'll wring their necks for them."

"Just so," said Jim sedately. "That's a main bone way to make birds sing."

On which Miles broke out into a huge gargantuan laugh, and made a feint to square up to his old mate, as in the days when they were young lads together, and were always trying it on with their fists, to prove which was the better man of the two, like two bull calves butting at each other in the farmyard.

"And thou'd be the better for a jolly good whacking thyself, Jim!" he said, flourishing his huge fists about his old friend's head.

"I doubt if ye'd be able to give it, Miles," said Jim in his cool didactic way, which Miles took as the same of philosophic nobleness and nobleness. Miles stared at him with all your good living, and I'm as lean as a greynhound, as you see, and as hard as an oak plank. I doubt if ye'd come over me, if we set to!"

"I'd bray thee into mince-meat!" shouted Miles with a peal of laughter. "Only thou'lt lean the very crows wouldn't pick thy bones."

"And they'd get scolded in fat before they got at thee," retorted Jim. And here the horseplay ended.

But for all that easily excited laughter and broad good humour, traversing his frailty like the shine and shade of a rough-tempered April day, Miles stared at him with a point with the tenacity of his kind, and never ceased to flog the dead horse of his wife's social pride and the jibbing jade of his son's matrimonial ambition. And the more he flogged the colder and stiffer grew the lifeless carcass he sought to stir. Nancy took yet firmer hold of that narrow creed of universal forbidding which made her idea of religion. More and more things became sinful to her; and her husband was the biggest sin of all. His large appetite and love of good cheer; his fondness for a glass and the flush on his broad, fat, ruddy cheeks; his rattling oaths as he roared at the latest horse-race report on his house and garden, on his carriage and horses, on gold chains for her and diamond studs for Caleb; his going to church in his carriage like a lord on Sundays, and his preferring church to chapel; all the pomp and magnificence in which he revelled, and, as it were, morally sprawled, like a cat on the warm gravel in the sunshine—all was sinful to poor weak-eyed, meek-spirited Nancy. And the worst of her many secret sorrows was that she had not courage to testify—she dared not openly defy her conjugal master; and thus, between him and her spiritual Lord, and the fear of each, her life was a very torment, which she repined and ungrammatical prayers did but little to assuage. Poor Nancy! how much rather she would have gone back to the pit-brow than be seated here in her gorgeous drawing-room, in that flaming red tartan satin which Miles had bought for her and commanded her to wear as she valued her life and head left unbroken—with a heavy gold chain about her neck—her large, thin flat ears weighted with big diamonds—a brooch like a small saucer at her throat—and on the top of her thin, soft, grizzled hair a cap got out of Bond-street, and about as fit for her as a silver strap for one kicking to be ignored and yet denied; and the burdened soul had to make its peace between fear and sin as it best could.

With Caleb, matters were as bad. That spurring of the jibbing jade went on without intermission; and though the father always navigated in the wrong waters, and set his sails for Lady Elizabeth, Caleb knew that any lady whatever of Kings-house would be welcome; and Estelle in her pretty grace and beauty more welcome than another.

"Thou shalt have it all, lad," Miles used to say, as his biggest bribe. "If thou'rt ashamed of thy own, thou shalt have it all to thyself and my lady yonder. Grapes and peaches, furniture and land, nags and coaches, I'll not keep the value of a brass farthing from thee, more nor I and thy mother'll want for our old age. A clean shirt o' Sundays, lad, and a good glass for a friend, that's all I ask out of the many thousands as we have. Only let me see thee mated with the best in the land, and I'll die content."

But when Caleb said, as he did once: "Give me something of my own now, father. Out of so much, you could well spare me a few hundred in my pocket-money," he answered him back by such a tumbling stream of abuse and obprobrium that he never ventured to repeat the experiment.

"All, if thou'lt give me a lady for my daughter," he said. "All, dost hear, jakes! but by the Lord, not so much as 'll buy thee a crust of bread while thou bides here as my son in my house! I'll be my own ganger and captain of my own ship as long as I'm at the head. I'll give way to thee the day thou hast thy wife, but not an hour sooner. So now you know."

Which declaration greatly increased the pooromad-haun's general perplexity when matched with Mrs. Clanciarde's hints—as broad as cart-wheels, and as clear as crystal—of unworthiness to keep him steady to his self-imposed negation.

CHAPTER X.
THE CROSSING OF THE RUBICON.

Things financial at Les Saules had gone from bad to worse. Mrs. Clanciarde's last investment made in faith had fructified in failure. One turn of that Stock Exchange screw, and the balliffs would take possession; and then, where would

Estelle's matrimonial market be? For beauty, though such a splendid jewel in itself, wants a certain amount of material setting to give it stability—a man with intrinsic advantages looks for some kind of equivalent besides that which, great as it is, can be destroyed for ever by an infected laundry or a runaway horse. The value of birth, for instance, is a constant quantity, and the multiplication of riches is potentially infinite; but beauty is a radiant mass subject to perpetual attrition—a fading capital, slowly but surely diminishing. Hence it needs some kind of background—something beside itself; else would all the fair-faced Cicelys of the spinning-mill find as many King Cophetuses as there were mooned men in the district, and no nut-brown maid would go without her lover who was an Earl's son and not "a banished man." And a man in possession, with a father squeezed flat under the Stock Exchange screw, is not exactly the best kind of buttress to be imagined, even for such an monument of loveliness as was Estelle Clanciarde.

At such a crisis, in other forms of words, possessed Mrs. Clanciarde night and day. The peril of the moment—the fear of still further decline—the fact that no one else was at hand—made her resolve to bring about this hideous marriage; whereof, however, the present prominent obstacle was Caleb's own unconquerable shyness. Shyness—not disinclination. Mrs. Clanciarde was too astute not to see the difference. The latter would, perhaps, have daunted even her. The former was no more to be regarded than a child's fear of the dark, to which it was analogous. Of Estelle herself the mother had no grave doubts. For all her suspicious of that underground rivulet of love still flowing between her and Charlie, she did not mistrust the weight of her own influence when the time for using it should have come. It was Caleb, not Estelle, that had to be conquered—the man to be encouraged, not the woman to be coerced—which made the whole position more embarrassing, and the tactics to be pursued more difficult. But time and need pressed, and something must be done.

Accordingly, an invitation to dinner was sent to the heir of Redhill; and the extra cost to the housekeeping of a couple of chickens, with the sacrifice of one of those rare old bottles of port, bought before the Bears of the House had had a hand in Mr. Clanciarde's affairs, was not grudgingly by the lady general of the forces. It was the tub to the whale—the sprat to the herring—an investment of greater probable value than those usually made by that unlucky George of hers!

The long summer evening was favourable to confidential talk, as well as redolent of love. Mrs. Clanciarde left Estelle in the drawing-room, and proposed a little stroll in the garden with Mr. Staggs. Like the pinner before a shower, like a hawk and beasts before a storm, Caleb, sensitive and double-sensed, knew that a crisis was at hand. Everything showed it. Mrs. Clanciarde's almost oppressive kindness; her husband's evidently forced attempt to follow suit; Estelle's unconcealed depression—the fear, the scorn, the prayers, the loathing that passed in changing waves of feeling over her face—whence all pity was banished in the passion of her own pain; yes, they stood on the brink of the great Rubicon, and Caleb knew that it would be passed to-night. And how should he bear himself? What should he do? He sat on the tip, picked his teeth with his fingers, bit his bread without breaking it, drank with unwiped lips and a full mouth, tossed off his custard like wine, and spooned his cherry tart like so much porridge; then, remembering his offence, he blushed till his sandy hair looked washed with red, and became so confused and humiliated he did not understand what was said to him, nor could he have answered if he had understood.

"Trifles as light as gossamer webs!" thought Mrs. Clanciarde. "But those solid thousands are facts."

"I cannot tell you how glad I am that we have come to this better," she said, when she had laid alone and safe in the garden, bending her rivacious black eyes with as much maternal tenderness as she could command on the miserable creature at her side.

"You are very kind, Mrs. Clanciarde," said Caleb, feeling that he must say something.

"We all have the highest possible esteem and affection for you," she continued, still maternal and tender.

"I'm not worth it," stammered Caleb. She took his hand with a fine impulsiveness. "Don't say that!" she cried, and her voice was both sharp and deprecating. "You are one of the best and dearest young men I have ever known; a man to trust with one's greatest treasures, and to be sure of in every relation of life. I do not know a fault that you have—but one." Here, Caleb opened his round eyes and stared. Out of all the blemishes and faults of which he felt conscious, on which was this glozing tongue about to fasten? "And that is, your modesty," continued Mrs. Clanciarde. "You are a great deal too modest, my dear Mr. Staggs. But let me call you Caleb—such is the suggestive name it is! You do not hold yourself in as high esteem as you should. You are fit to marry a princess."

"Oh, Mrs. Clanciarde!" put in poor Caleb, his modesty bleeding at every pore.

"I can read you as you are," she continued, her smile as soft as swansdown, and her voice as sweet as honey can make even vinegar. "You do not think yourself worthy of a grand lady, do you?"

"No," said Caleb, in a low voice; "I don't, Mrs. Clanciarde."

"And I do," she replied, her rivacious black eyes levelled again full on his face.

"I am not fit to be the husband of a real lady, Mrs. Clanciarde," returned Caleb after a pause, speaking with desperate steadiness. "I am not a prince, but a miner, and I was born of a miner."

"That's bred in the bone will out in the flesh, Mrs. Clanciarde; and not all father's money can make gentlemen of us or fit to go shares with the quality."

Intentionally, Caleb went back on the old habit of speech, which was more purely provincial than he had taught himself of late to be.

"You are better than a gentleman," said Mrs. Clanciarde, with desperate steadiness on her own part. "You are a good man, my dear Mr. Caleb."

"I'm a fool, that's what I am, Mrs. Clanciarde," said Caleb.

"Why do you say that?" asked Estelle's mother, doing battle for him against himself.

"I ought never to have let myself be persuaded," said Caleb. "Me and mine are not fit for gentlemen, and I should have known that and stuck to the old shop, and not come out of it."

"You dear, foolish, modest fellow!" cried Mrs. Clanciarde. "Why, we all love you! You are the delight of the place—for every one in it knows what a good honest creature you are. Look at Lady Elizabeth! Any one could say she was in love with you, for the fuss she makes with you—the affection she has for you," she added, correcting herself.

"Lady Elizabeth is an angel, and pities me," said Caleb. "She knows me better than any one, and she is sorry for my false position."

"False! where is the falseness? Young, rich, clever, good—what does it signify that your father made his own fortune, and that you have not a long line of ancestry behind you? How many of our best men are self-made!"

"Not quite so good as the ground as we," said Caleb, still maintaining the self-humiliation which was but another name for desperation.

"They that humble themselves shall be ex-

alted," said Mrs. Clanciarde; "and so shall you be, my dear young friend."

"Mrs. Clanciarde, ma'am, don't," cried Caleb, feeling like a drowning man with the waters closing over his head.

"To show you how highly I esteem, and, I may say, love you," Mrs. Clanciarde went on to say; "and to show you, too, how clearly I have read your secret heart, I am going to be your interpreter to yourself. You love Estelle, and are too bashful to say so. Is it not so? Have I not read your secret as I say?"

Caleb's face changed to a very piteousness of embarrassment. From red to white, and back again, his staring eyes sufficed with tears, his open lips twitching, his hands nervously plucking at the huge chain that crossed his waistcoat—he looked as he felt, as if tortured by a thousand contradictory demons—torn by a thousand different emotions.

Mrs. Clanciarde laid her hand on his arm, and her slight slim fingers pressed like slender rods of iron into his flesh.

"Is it not so?" she repeated.

"I admit it, my dear mother, Mrs. Clanciarde," stammered Caleb in a strange voice.

"You love her," insisted Estelle's mother.

"The poor fellow put up his hand before his face. 'Yes; God help me, I do!' he sobbed.

His guard was beaten down. He was at his adversary's mercy.

"Then you shall marry her," said Mrs. Clanciarde, in tones the cold determination of which no affected tremor could hide—that cold, hard determination, as pitiless as an inquisitor's decree of death, just touched with a certain breadth of triumph which made it rather more diabolical than human.

"How can I, Mrs. Clanciarde!" said Caleb, still behind the mask of his freckled hands. "She doesn't value me. She never could love me. How can I wed her against her will, as it would be?"

"She will learn to love you," said Mrs. Clanciarde. "You are too good a man not to be loved. She respects you already. That is one step gained. The rest will follow."

Caleb slowly shook his head. He was just master enough of himself to disbelieve this flattering promise, sweet as it was—responsive to his own desires as it also was.

"My dear young man, you do not know a woman," said Mrs. Clanciarde, a pitying smile borne like the breath of flowers on her words. "We are such creatures of the heart! We are so easily gained by men! Give such a girl as my Estelle, so sweet and gentle as she is, such a husband as yourself, and in a very short time she will learn to prize and adore you. Your goodness, your patience, your cleverness and knowledge, will all fascinate and win her. I know what I am saying."

Still Caleb held his hands before his face and slowly shook his sandy-coloured head from side to side. The rod had not yet budded; the waters imprisoned in the rock had not yet been released. Mrs. Clanciarde was beginning to feel doubtful whether her Waterloo would be won or not.

Then she said fervently: "Believe me, my dear, I speak as a woman, avec connaissance de cause. Once married to you, Estelle will learn to love you, because you will treat her well and because you love her so fondly. Why, my dear Mr. Caleb, she also makes women love, but because the man loves them. The thought does give their heads unsought—unwooded! Your love for my daughter is the guarantee that she will love you."

At this Caleb took down his hand and showed his tear-stained face in yet more pitiable plight than before. But into its disorder had flashed a ray of hope and happiness and exaltation so supreme as almost to beautify its homely outlines. It was the soul of an angel looking through the eyes of an animal.

"Do you really think so, Mrs. Clanciarde?" he said, clasping his hands in prayer. "If you think so, I can make her happy, and get out so much as a sparrow's meal of love from her. I would lie down and die at her feet!"

"What a drivelling idiot!" thought Mrs. Clanciarde, contemptuously.

Nothing in her nature answered to this fervid enthusiasm. Hard, worldly, practical, calculating, life was to her a chess-table, where emotions were good only as they might be used for defence or attack, but where the main object was success. She despised all unwelcome and impractical impulses; and though she used them to her own advantage, she would rather have dealt with more rational and impersonal arguments. Had Caleb made a business-like bargain with her, offering his money as an equivalent for Estelle's beauty, she would have discussed the terms on the basis of their needs as coolly as she would have bargained for a carriage-horse or a wheelbarrow. It would have been a train of thought—a genesis of motives—which she would have respected and understood. To meet all this passionate sincerity and humility with sentiments, to her as unstable as so many mist-wreaths on the mountains, was fatiguing, embarrassing, and in some sense degrading. Like many clever diplomats she did not love to meet her own secret motives, but would rather meet her adversary and frame her protocol on facts as they were, and gain the victory by dexterous handling and skillful marshalling than by deceptions which lessened the value of her own intellect by showing the worthlessness of her opponent's.

"What a drivelling idiot!" she thought. "Trust me, my dear," she said aloud. "I pledge my word as a woman who knows her own sex, and her daughter best of all, Estelle will love you as much as you can desire. It will be your own fault if she does not. And I think we are sure of your part."

"I'll be true for those comforting words!" said Caleb, now carried away from his former moorings as completely as a skiff in a tidal wave.

"If she will have me she shall never have cause to repent it, so help me God in heaven!"

"Thank you, my son," said Mrs. Clanciarde. With again an outburst of impulsiveness she kissed the pooromad-haun on his cheek and slightly shuddered as she did so. Then, hastily rising from the seat where they had placed themselves—that seat under the shade of the spreading cedar where Estelle so often sat and dreamed of Charlie and their unlikely love—she said, with well-acted emotion: "Stay where you are, dear boy, and Estelle shall come to you."

Her bashful smile was now thawed. His fancy, hope, love, enthusiasm, had swept away his timid self-distrust, and he was where she would have him—where she had taken such infinite pains to carry him. The iron must be struck while it was hot, and Estelle must be amenable to discipline. She had had trouble enough to bend one of the two recalcitrants to her will. The other must be made to yield—by force if necessary.

"Stay where you are," she repeated, the smile on her face like sunshine on a glacier. "Estelle will not be long."

With which she swept away, and Caleb was left to his own reflections, or rather to his mental turmoil, wherein he was conscious of only a many-coloured haze of insane joy, like the foam of a foaming river in a narrow gorge.

Was it all true? Would she indeed be now brought to love him as her mother promised? After long years of patient waiting, of loving serving and faithful apprenticeship, would she some day come to him, and of her own free will hold out her hand to him, give him her sweet lips to kiss as one who had the right, offer him the treasures of her love, and say to him, "I love you?" Could it be true? How lovely he would shape his life to earn this great reward! If it would be his it should be here to set the lines of her relations. She should be to him a bird whose broken wing kept her from free flight and chained her captive to the earth—but she should not be caged. She should be as a wandering angel of God, loved for a season from her home in the distant Heaven, but he would not make her bear the burdens of her assumed womanhood, unless for love of him she renounced her higher place and gave herself to him of her own gift. Sacred, untouched, revered, he

would care for her and surround her with all comfort and protection, but he would never forget the elemental differences between them, nor sacrilegiously stop over the gulf that divided them. She should be his queen, not his wife; and to her alone should belong the crown of sovereignty and the sceptre of dominion.

So he dreamed and thought, wrought in his low like that sleeping babe in his room of fire, while Mrs. Clanciarde in the drawing-room undertook the subjugation of her daughter and drew the cords of her maternal authority to the utmost they would bear.

Her task was harder than she had anticipated. Fortified by her love for the one, which gave increased poignancy of disgust for the other, Estelle rebelled and refused, till her mother's patience—of what was in the beginning more diplomatic hardness than real wrath—gave way, and violent words were spoken which terrified the girl to hear while they lashed to increase fury by their very echo the mother who had said them. Dark threats of public disgrace and eternal separation; of life-long banishment from home and country, and consignment to those French relations who would know how to treat an undutiful daughter as she deserved; passionate reminders of the curse lying on the head of a discarded child, like a crown of thorns ever pressing into the flesh—like a shadow on the path blotting out all sunshine; a sudden return to the pathos of appeal; the picture of father and mother turned into the streets to starve, reduced to a beggary which the sacrifice of her own impossible fancy could avert—all that could most terrify a young girl's imagination and touch a daughter's heart, Mrs. Clanciarde poured forth into Estelle's ears like a boiling flood of mingled blood and tears—a fiery cloud of mingled wrath and sorrow.

For some time it was all in vain. Estelle held the image of her love before her eyes, and clung to the pedestal whereon he stood. Then, at last, like something that gives way with a sudden snap, she, as Caleb had done before her, threw down her arms and yielded herself prisoner to the force she could no longer resist.

"I will do as you wish, mother," she said abruptly, standing stiff and rigid as if made of marble. "I will go out to Mr. Staggs."

"And God will bless you!" said Mrs. Clanciarde, putting her arms round the slender form that felt as if stricken to stone. "God will bless you as your mother does," she repeated, trying to draw down the averted head so that she might kiss the crown of it.

But Estelle tore herself away. "I cannot bear that, mother! And leave God's name out of a sacrifice and a sin."

"As you will, my poor dear darling!" said her mother with a sigh admirably executed, drooping her own head with tender resignation.

So long as she had the main thing secure she cared little for the accessories, and whether Estelle counted her self-sacrifice as virtue or as sin, made no change in her mother's mind. As has been said, she was not one to be won by time or strength, or sentimentalities which produced nothing. Provided the facts came out right and the sum was duly proved, the rest was mere verbiage. As now, with Caleb's ecstatic love and Estelle's heart-stricken despair.

Then Estelle, her face as pale as the face of a corpse and the feeling of living death in her soul, went slowly over the lawn to the seat under that now desecrated cedar where Caleb Staggs sat dreaming of the time when he should call her his wife and make her his queen.

(To be continued.)

would care for her and surround her with all comfort and protection, but he would never forget the elemental differences between them, nor sacrilegiously stop over the gulf that divided them. She should be his queen, not his wife; and to her alone should belong the crown of sovereignty and the sceptre of dominion.

So he dreamed and thought, wrought in his low like that sleeping babe in his room of fire, while Mrs. Clanciarde in the drawing-room undertook the subjugation of her daughter and drew the cords of her maternal authority to the utmost they would bear.

Her task was harder than she had anticipated. Fortified by her love for the one, which gave increased poignancy of disgust for the other, Estelle rebelled and refused, till her mother's patience—of what was in the beginning more diplomatic hardness than real wrath—gave way, and violent words were spoken which terrified the girl to hear while they lashed to increase fury by their very echo the mother who had said them. Dark threats of public disgrace and eternal separation; of life-long banishment from home and country, and consignment to those French relations who would know how to treat an undutiful daughter as she deserved; passionate reminders of the curse lying on the head of a discarded child, like a crown of thorns ever pressing into the flesh—like a shadow on the path blotting out all sunshine; a sudden return to the pathos of appeal; the picture of father and mother turned into the streets to starve, reduced to a beggary which the sacrifice of her own impossible fancy could avert—all that could most terrify a young girl's imagination and touch a daughter's heart, Mrs. Clanciarde poured forth into Estelle's ears like a boiling flood of mingled blood and tears—a fiery cloud of mingled wrath and sorrow.

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OUR OMNIBUS.

THE POLITICIAN.

"O, Bottomley Firth! O, Bottomley Firth!" I had got so far in a little poem on the wild delight of Mr. Firth at securing a seat at this very prosaic gentleman better than poetry. Finding it impossible to deny that the Gladstonian majority has been reduced by more than a thousand votes, he coolly obliterated the result of the 1886 contest and harks back to that of 1885, when no question of Home Rule was before the constituency. Artful Bottomley! But the dodge is too transparent; you cannot get over the fact that, comparing the two last elections, the Gladstonian poll has diminished by 350 votes, while the Unionist has increased by 571.

Lord Rosebery—not an emotional person, as a rule—was so carried away by Mr. Buchanan's exceedingly narrow escape from defeat at West Edinburgh, that he could not refrain from telegraphing his exuberant rejoicing. I really fail to see any cause for this joyfulness. When he stood as a Unionist, Mr. Buchanan had a majority of 570; it has now fallen to a miserable 46. So that his figures afford a conclusive proof that his conversion to Home Rule has cost him 624 votes! I go further, and assert that if the Separatists had started any other candidate than a gentleman possessing such exceptional claims on the constituency, they would have been soundly beaten.

Deftfordians will, I trust, note the very equivocal conduct of Mr. Evelyn, who aspires to dictate to them the choice of a Parliamentary member. This eccentric gentleman, who was returned as a Unionist, postponed his resignation until he had given notice to Mr. Parnell's amendment against the Government. Sir Thomas Grove and Mr. Hingley are in an even worse position. Both have broken the pledges on which they were elected in 1886, but neither has yet followed Mr. Evelyn's tardy example by applying for the Children's Hundreds. Political morality has certainly fallen into the gutter when men of light and leading think it no harm to falsify their electioneering pledges as soon as there have served their purpose.

The National Conservative Union gives a complimentary banquet to Mr. Balfour on April 11th, to testify its appreciation of his arduous labours in Ireland. Never was the compliment better deserved! I should like, however, to see some non-party demonstration of approval set on foot. Of a testimonial—why not a public testimonial? Say, for instance, a group in silver representing some dastardly Moonlighters caught by the police in the very act of murdering a farmer for refusing to obey the National League. Or Ireland being told of the stake by Mr. Parnell and Mr. Gladstone with Mr. Balfour rushing up, sword in hand, to rescue the doomed maiden.

Cool! That brainless paper, the *Daily News*, argues that because Mr. Wilfrid Blunt failed to get a verdict against Mr. Byrne, the magistrate, the former ought to be released. Why? A trial which ends with the inability of the jury to agree on a verdict has always been regarded by the law as a *no-trial*; otherwise, the accused person would not be put on trial again. But this new Separatist doctrine goes right to the teeth of all accepted principles of law, and would, if carried into practice, give *no-trials* the same force as real trials. It is really astonishing what mountains of rubbish the Gladstonian moles throw up in their subterranean explorations in search of excuses for the lawless. Mr. Blunt went into mischief with his eyes open, and it gives him a poor and mean appearance to represent him as wishing to shrink the consequences.

Gladstonism does not appear to be making much progress at Birmingham. At that city, municipal elections are always fought on strictly party lines—quite as much as Parliamentary contests. It counts for something, therefore, that the Unionists have carried St. Martin's Ward, previously represented by a Gladstonite, by a large majority. Did Mr. Schnadhorst weep on hearing this news? It must rankle in his soul to see the great centre of undiluted Radicalism, which he formerly could manipulate as he liked, going over bodily to the enemy.

It is to be hoped that the Liberal Unionists will stir themselves in earnest to improve the organisation of their party. Recent bye elections carry only one lesson to my mind—that the bulk of the Liberals who held aloof in 1886 have now joined the Gladstonites. And why? Simply because they have been ceaselessly operated upon by the Separatist caucuses, while there has been no counteracting force to drag them in the right direction. When the schism in the Liberal camp took place, the Gladstonites captured all the organising machinery, thanks chiefly to Mr. Schnadhorst, who received a "testimonial" of £10,000 for that invaluable service.

The bestowal of a peerage on Sir Henry Holland is a fitting reward for a lifetime passed in the service of his country. This will create a vacancy at Hampstead, where the Separatists are welcome to try their luck. It is, I consider, a safe Unionist seat—as safe as St. George's, or the Strand, or Westminster, or South Kensington. All the same I trust, the Liberal Unionists will remember what resulted from taking things easily at West Southwark, and not lose a moment in getting to work.

Professor Tyndall was not far out when he spoke of Professor Stuart as "a silly creature." At a rowdy meeting of Socialists and wild Irishmen last Monday night, Professor Stuart elicited loud cheers by denouncing the hoary executive Government of the day. I wonder what meaning the audience applied to the term "hoary"? It merely signifies "white or grey with age; thickly covered with white hairs." Mr. Gladstone, for instance, is eminently "hoary." Evidently, therefore, both Professor Stuart and the assembled roughs confused the word with some other, having the same sound but bearing a bad meaning.

WILLIAM OF CLOUDESLEE.

Sandown Park's meeting alone escaped temporary complete stoppage through snow and frost. Leicester, deferred till Monday and Tuesday, after various previous postponements, was knocked right out. So was Warwick, also held over from the previous week. Waterloo coursing meeting could not be started to arrangement on Wednesday.

On the Tuesday at Sandown Park there were several falls which looked very dreadful for the riders at the time, but happily hardly any harm was done. As viewed from the stand, Captain E. E. Owen's mishap with Stables in the Cardinal's Hurdle Race seemed sure to end very badly indeed. Mr. Benson's horse came to a dreadful grief after landing on jumping the last hurdle. The horse as he fell rolled over the rider and caught him so that he lay with his quarters on his human companion in misfortune. We all expected to find Captain Owen dreadfully crushed, especially when the geo launched out a bit with his hind legs in getting up. Stables must all the while have been thinking quite as much of his jockey as of himself, for the former escaped virtually scot-free. How ever Captain Owen managed to wriggle out of destruction passed our comprehension. The race in question fell to Vivacious, who was made favourite, and looked quite out of the contest till near home, when A. Hall landed her somewhat cleverly.

We started with the Selling Hurdle Race, which Pan landed from four opponents. High-flyer, who was made favourite, was backed by the talent, but ran badly. A good field turned out for the Prince of Wales's Steeplechase. Half a dozen horses were well backed. Bellona, made

favourite, jumped exceedingly well, but could not get nearer than third. This mare will do better over a longer course. Halm, a 8 to 1 chance, won, with Cork, who started at 100 to 12, second.

Racing men are very greatly attached to the Prince of Wales. Any success gained by the Royal colours is sure to be warmly welcomed. Magic landed the Burwood Open Hunters' Steeplechase for H.R.H., who was unhappily not able to be present. Magic was afterwards backed for the Grand National Steeplechase at 100 to 1. I do not fancy the prince's representative for the Alderney country. There is not enough of him, nor, as I think, quite enough power.

Mr. Plunger Benson had a turn with Kilworth in the Hunters' Hurdle Race. At the last hurdles Coercion looked sure to beat the 6 to 4 favourite, but peaked, and was also beaten for pace in the run home.

On Wednesday we started, in bitterly cold weather, with the St. James's Hurdle Race, six runners. There was some bumping between Duke of Richmond and Ariel meeting to the last hurdles. When the former's number went up a winner odds were taken that the second would get the race. The stewards, however, held that Duke of Richmond was not in fault.

Trumpeter beat his solitary opponent, Prime Cheddar, for the Selling Steeplechase, mainly, I believe, because the Cheese is very dotty and did not like the hard ground.

A first-rate field turned out for the Sandown Grand Prix. Astrachan, who opened favourite, went to 7 to 1, but won very easily at last. W. Nightingall, on Lady Winifred, was second, and Arthur Nightingall third, on Freedom.

The Open Hunters' Steeplechase fell to The Abbeys, second favourite. Silent, who was made favourite, again cut up very badly. Miss Gilliam, cleverly ridden by Downes, landed the Selling Hurdle Race. After which Peter's Pence, the cleverly-named son of Peter and Lady Day, cantered off with the Metropolitan Hunters' Flat Race.

At the company was leaving the park, Gamecock and Dalesman were sent to gallop the country twice. Old Gamecock, as usual, jumped cleverly, but Dalesman came a tremendous cropper at the fence by the members' pay gate. Kinfaua went twice round the course a little later and did well.

Poor Sam Hibberd died at Fordham, near Newmarket, on Tuesday. For many years Sam was a very successful rider, and had lots of money through his hands. Unfortunately he did not mind or take means to provide for the bad times which befall nearly all of us, and in his later days was glad to go back to the drudgery of exercise riding. He has left a widow and eight poor children utterly destitute.

Carr and Ross seem willing to make a match for the championship of England, but must wrangle a little first. Carr and his backers have treated Wallace somewhat cavalierly, and been reminded of that same by the Canadian. That celebrity took first place in the road scullers' exhibition at Westminster.

Kilrain and Mitchell, with Charley Rowell, were at Sandown Park on Wednesday. I had a chat with them. Rowell told me that he thought of going to America shortly. The six days' go-as-you-please business is looking up, and he has had good offers of guarantees, besides challenges from Transatlantic rivals. Kilrain is now, I should say, a good bit better man than before he began training for his fight with Smith. He talks a little more, too. I do not advance that circumstance as evidence of the man's improvement, but as a notable fact.

Mitchell is getting fit, fitter than one would guess by looking at his face. The Birmingham lad's face is by far his worst limb, and on that account people who do not know him are apt to underestimate him. He has tremendous shoulders and neck power; in that particular I could not name any of his contemporaries to beat him. Charley is very hopeful of defeating Sullivan.

The Yankee slugger keeps doing strongish work at Windsor. Personally, I do not think that his walking is done at fast enough pace. John L. is a very awkward walker, though a fast sprint runner for his size. He does not walk fast enough for any sort of training.

Since Kendall, the Boston policeman, came here to challenge long distance swimmers, he has been lost to the swimming fraternity, who were willing to make all manner of matches with him. Unless I am mistaken, Kendall, who is immensely strong, has joined Sullivan's string, and is added to his body guard.

Oxford, on Wednesday, beat Cambridge in the Association football match, played at the Queen's Club grounds, West Kensington. After a close fight the Dark Blues won by three goals to two.

The Victorian Football Association has definitely decided not to have anything to do with the English team.

Roberts and Peall signed articles on Monday to play 12,000 up for £500 (open to £1,000), a side, Roberts to keep to the spot stroke barred game, Peall to be at liberty to make 100 spot hazards in a break.

W. Mitchell has also agreed to play Roberts on the same terms, except that the stakes are not so large.

North has fixed with Peall for a 10,000 up match, spot stroke barred, for £500 a side, Peall with 1,000 start.

It is, I believe, definitely arranged that the Toronto Bowling Club will send a four to our amateur regatta.

G. F. Vernon's team on Tuesday defeated New South Wales by eight wickets. The scores were: Stoddart, 4 and 0; Abel, 34 and 0; Peel, 27 and 53, not out; W. W. Read, 119 and 53, not out; O'Brien, 45; Newton, 17; Rawlins, 39; Vernon, 6; Atwell, 25; Bowden, 4; Beaumont, 2—totals, 387 and 109 for two wickets. New South Wales: 6 and 1; Banerman, 33 and 15; Charles Banerman, 6 and 0; McDowell, 4 and 6; Jones, 0 and 40; Burton, 16 and 22; Allen, 8 and 4; Turner, 27 and 45; Kiddellstone, 36 and 14; Garrett, 45 and 12; Richardson, 0 and 30; Wearne, 2 and 11—totals, 193 and 232.

OLD IZAAK.

I have been fishing, and feel inclined to tell my readers about my sport. I fancy that in the minds of some, if not of all, will be a certain responsive sympathy, which will enable them to understand my enjoyment of it; for my companion was a fair-haired, dark-eyed little girl, and we fished from the side of the sick bed on which she is lying for "jacks." Our tackle consisted of a rod top, with a yard of string for a line, to which was attached a bent pin, and our "jacks" were skittles with a wire loop fixed on the top. The poor little sportsman evidently knew something about angling, for once she remarked, "My torf is so bad that I'm afraid it will frighten all these jacks away."

Notwithstanding the intense cold, I saw, with surprise, many anglers fishing from the bank and from punts on Sunday morning last, when walking along the towpath from Richmond to Teddington, but they were not filling their creels very fast. Perhaps nothing puts the fish more off the feed than the fact of there being "snow broth" in the water, yet one fortunate angler, fishing at Windsor last week, took four jacks, weighing respectively 6lb. 6oz., 3lb. 9oz., 3lb. 8oz., and 2lb. 13oz., while a gentleman, who was fishing in the same stream, was getting also seven runs, and a handsome brace of fish, weighing 10lb. and 12lb. each, were taken near the Great Western Railway Bridge by another

fisherman. Some very good pike have also been taken at Moulsherd.

By those who lived in the vicinity of the Thames tidal waters last year, during the long dry season, the present extraordinary lowness of the water, caused principally by the rainfall having recently been so small, is already recognised as a matter of serious import. During the first two months of last summer, the mud banks lying festering in the hot sun gave forth what I thought was a small likely to cause serious injury to health, while it was useless to fish, and a boat in the wretchedly-drying gutter was a toil rather than a pleasure. It is high time to do more than talk and discuss about the only remedy which can be adopted, viz., the construction of a lock and weir at Isleworth. Unless this is done, this part of the Thames, which constitutes a recreation ground for thousands of the inhabitants of London and the surrounding country, will be rendered useless as such, and surely their claims should be considered in the matter.

Although I object to fishing with a gorge hook on the grounds that it is both unportable and cruel, being too much like trimmering, and, cruel, yet I have noticed that, when other ways fail, pike may often be taken in this manner. I was fishing recently in a piece of water which I knew to be well stocked, but although I was using the finest snap tackle I had not taken a fish all day. Being particularly anxious to get one, as I had promised to supply a dish to a friend who was coming to dine with us that evening, I put a live dace on a gorge hook, which was, of course, mounted on gimp, and throwing out, immediately had a run, which resulted in the death of a seven-pounder. It may have been luck, but having a firm faith in the man's theory, who said, "Tell me what your tackle is, and I will tell you what you will take," I cannot but think that in this instance the tackle had something to do with the result.

The dace are now heading up the river in countless thousands for the purpose of spawning, and the foaming and rushing water of Teddington Weir is rendered literally alive with them, trying to get past what, until the spring tides come to help them, will be an insurmountable barrier. Later on in May, the big roach may be seen underneath the apron of the weir carrying out their domestic duties among the weeds which grow in the comparatively still undercurrent, among them, I believe, being many veritable two-pounders. The jack, too, are only waiting for the warm weather to come before going under the boughs to spawn.

I commend the following letter from Mr. Crumple, the honorary secretary of the Anglers' Rights Protection Committee, to every angler's consideration:—

I am desirous by this committee to ask if you will kindly allow them to draw the attention of your readers to the object for which it has been formed, which is solely to secure Parliamentary acknowledgment of the rights of the public to fish, with rod and line, in English navigable rivers. This right was in effect, conveyed by the Magna Charta, which is still law, but decisions have been given of late tending to curtail this right, and to restrict the public to the use of the spirit and intention of the charter. Some of the ablest lawyers on the riparian side admit this ruling to be open to doubt, and it is this doubt we are anxious that Parliament should settle in favour of the people. There is no such thing as a right to trespass upon private property, or to interfere with any just riparian claim, if such there be, that comes within the limits of the charter. All we ask is, that anglers should be at liberty, as for the most part they are, to go on or along any navigable portion of an English river, which is a public highway. It is only of late years that this right has been to any extent questioned, and encroachment followed encroachment so quickly, now that it has become a matter of public right, and that the public rivers are not the property of private individuals, but are open to the reasonable use and enjoyment of all orderly persons for purposes of sport and recreation, subject only to the restriction of the charter, which is not intended, by Mr. Henry Broadhurst, is now before Parliament for this purpose, and we trust will commend itself to all parties, irrespective of politics, who are interested in so national a pastime as that of angling, and the maintenance of a right which should not now be allowed to be taken from them.

Mr. Crumple states the case in a very fair and impartial manner, which will no doubt commend itself to all parties. Although in the above letter he makes no appeal for assistance on behalf of the committee, I think, seeing the great importance to the angling public of the task which it has undertaken, that help should be rendered, and I could suggest that it should be given in two ways—first, by supplying it in a pecuniary sense, for the sinews of war will assuredly be wanted; secondly, by the large angling societies appointing deputations to wait upon the members of Parliament who represent their district and ask for their help in the forthcoming struggle. Several members of the House already take an interest in it, and more could no doubt be induced to.

When talking to a friend recently I was surprised to find that, although an angler, he deprecated the use of artificial baits, and was being carried on against the other, giving as his reason that no beast, bird, or fish is created unless for some specific purpose, and that by killing one of particular kind we interfere with the balance of nature. He seemed to think that the special province of others is to destroy the unhealthy fish which haunt the spawning beds. They undoubtedly suffer from a contagious disease, which is communicated to other fish. There may be something in this theory, but observation proves that the fish that are generally taken, and preferred for eating, are those of the best kind, such as trout and pike, out of which it takes one or two bites and leaves the rest to waste.

BUCKLAND, JUNIOR.

An incident came under my observation last Tuesday morning when travelling in an omnibus which will be a hard nut for those who maintain that dogs have no reasoning faculties. Behind us there came a light two-wheeled cart with a couple of men in it. I noticed them pointing to the back of the bus, and laughing at something they saw there. So I looked down and perceived their dog, a big nondescript, trotting along close to the hind step, evidently to get shelter from the boisterous east wind that was blowing against us. When the omnibus stopped to set down a passenger he went off after the cart, but on seeing that the dog was not to be taken up at station at our hind step. Now, it is clear to me that this dog, being aware that the strong head wind retarded its progress, must have reasoned that the shelter afforded by the omnibus would give him help.

"C. M. E." is desirous of knowing where to get silkworms' eggs. Many greenrocks keep them, and most naturalists' shops. They will not yet be seen for sale, however; but in a month or two. The price varies, sixpence a hundred being about the usual tariff. Mulberry leaves are undoubtedly the best food to feed them on, and can be procured of any greenrocks. Lettuce would do, but is not nearly so good. Keep the caterpillars dry; moisture I have found to be very injurious to them.

Many thanks, "J. M. T." for another cure for worms in dogs. Oil of male fern half a drachm, spirit of sulphate of ether fifteen drops, tincture of cardamom one drop, distilled water one ounce. Mr. Puddy kindly tells me that borax, by itself, dissolved in water, is an excellent means of ridding birds and animals from vermin. Borax, too, is very beneficial when applied to sores on horses.

"H. C." describes a very curious complaint from which his cockatoo is suffering. He says:—We have an old cockatoo whose beak has been continually growing (both top and bottom bills) for the last four months, to the great discomfort of the poor bird. The top bill grew out to quite a length, and the bird, consequently, the bird could neither draw its feathers without great difficulty. We managed to cut the beak, but it is now growing again.

Such a disease is quite novel to me; perhaps some of my readers are acquainted with it.

I have received some more notes from Mr. Robottom, who kindly writes on the extinction of the North American bison and other animals:—I have good reason to believe that in a very short time the

bison will be quite extinct, and that in ten years no living specimen will be seen even in Europe. It is not more than thirty years since millions of bison could be seen ranging over the plains of Kansas, Wyoming, and Montana. On my first visit to the Far West, over a million bison robes were sold in one year for the Eastern States. Now not one bison can be seen, except very small herds that are found in the Yellowstone district. I know an old pioneer who has just returned to England, and he informs me that the bison is nearly extinct in the mountains, and all other large game are nearly exterminated. On my first visit I saw on the lowlands near Medicine Bow Mountain from 1,000 to 2,000 antelope at one time.

It always goes against my grain to disoblige any reader of the *People*, and I will therefore propound the question asked by "G. H." "What is the best cure for needle-worms in horses?" But I am bound to say that the safest and wisest course is to all cases of equine disorder is to consult a vet. With such valuable animals it is penny wise and pounds foolish policy to resort to amateur tinkering. And I say the same in the case of valuable dogs and birds; professional advice should always be called in when anything serious seems amsis.

The change in the weather has sent all my hibernating pets back into their winter quarters. Poor things! No doubt they believed that spring had arrived, and were looking forward to a routine of dissipation. Curious to say the bitter easterly winds seems to agree with "Juba," the rose cockatoo, the geese that came through having joined our family circle, and the juncos that were seen in the window the falling snow flakes. At first, it got into a regular flurry, uttering the most piercing noises, but after a time it seemed to take the philosophic view that what can't be cured must be endured. I conjecture that it mistook the flakes for white butterflies.

A friend of mine, who is fond of things out of the common and has the means to gratify the whim, is planning quite a novel suite of furniture for his library and smoking-room. Every article in it will have the stuffed body of some member of the animal kingdom incorporated with it. A huge alligator covered with a bear skin is to serve as a sofa; an eagle will hold a mirror in its beak and claws; the easy chairs are to be fashioned from leopards sitting up on their hind quarters, and so on. It is a fanciful idea, and if well worked out will render the apartment well worth seeing. Mr. Rowland Ward would, if given carte blanche as to cost, make such a room one of the sights of London.

THE ACTOR.

The re-opening of Toole's was notable mainly for the hearty welcome given to the popular comedian on his return to his "native heath" after his recent indisposition. The other special feature was young Mr. McCarthy's new comedietta, in which Miss Eva Moore played the ingenue part very engagingly. This pretty young lady is no relation of the Misses Moore at the Criterion Theatre, but is a sister of Miss Bertha Moore, the vocalist. She has herself some capacity as a singer.

I have seen it stated in print that Mr. McCarthy, jun., M.P., had lately "led" Miss Toole "to the altar." The statement was quite unwarranted. The happy pair, I am told, are still in the "engaged" condition.

Talking of the Criterion, and apropos of Mr. Wyndham's reappearance after his continental tour, I am assured that our latest David Garrick is not the first English-speaking artist who has played in German in Germany. Miss Milly Palmer (Mrs. Bandmann) claims to have been his predecessor by some years. The lady is in England, by the way, and is to recite at one of Mr. Kendall's "at homes." She used to be a delightful Desdemona.

I dropped into the Olympic on Monday afternoon in time to hear Mr. Collette give his amusing entertainment, followed by Mr. Fred Leslie and Miss Violet Cameron with songs (Mr. Leslie was twice encored in his wonderful violin imitation), and by Mr. Willard in his costume recital of Rossetti's "Last Confession." This last was the *bonne bouche* of the afternoon, though it was rather long and decidedly dismal. How rarely we are treated to a lively recitation!

"The Lady of Lyons," with Mr. Wilson Barrett as Claude and Miss Estlake as Pauline—both for the first time in London—drew to the Globe on Wednesday afternoon a crowded audience. Mr. Barrett told me he doesn't remember when he first played Claude. It is clear he has made a close study of the character, and his performance is both impressive and picturesque. It is one of the best things he has done, and would be better still but for the tendency to hurry certain of the speeches.

Miss Estlake was fine at times, but, on the whole, rather disappointing. Some of her "business" requires reconsideration, and she was not very happy, I thought, in her style of dress. No doubt she would grow into the part if she played it frequently. Mr. George Barrett was remarkably good as Damas, and the Widow Melnotte was also excellent. The Beaumont was poor. Among the audience were Miss Harriett Jay and Mr. Richard Temple.

Poor Hamilton Astley! I was sorry to hear of his death, for he was a very clever young actor, whatever his faults. He had a genuinely comic method, and his Sir Robert Boobleton in "The Upper Crust" was, in particular, a very diverting piece of work. He was one of a well-known trio of brothers, Mr. Kendal and Mr. C. W. Garthorne being the other two. His real name, of course, was Grimsdon. He was, by the way, quite unlike his brothers, both in face and figure; while Mr. Kendal and Mr. Garthorne are in some things, voice especially—the very "image" of each other.

The new first piece at the Savoy, "Mrs. Jarramie's Genie," is well worth seeing. It is fresh in idea (so far as the stage is concerned), and it is brightly written. The author, Mr. Frank Desprez, who has produced several clever little "curtain raisers," is a member of the staff of the *Era*. Both the brothers Cellier have been employed to provide the music for the piece, and it is very graceful and tuneful. Mr. Francois's contributions are especially taking.

"Mrs. Jarramie's Genie" gives Mr. John Wilkinson the opportunity of showing London and England what he can do as an actor and a singer. He used to be a member of Mr. D'Oyly Carte's country companies, and I have seen him play some of Mr. Grossmith's parts very successfully. His "quick changes" are very cleverly done. If he had rather more voice he would be still more acceptable. Miss Rose Hervey sings the soprano music of the trifle very neatly and agreeably.

Meanwhile, I hear that "The Pirates of Penzance" is in rehearsal at the Savoy. It was first brought out at the Opera Comique in April, 1880, and it may be assumed that Mr. George Grossmith, Mr. Rutland Barrington, and Mr. Richard Temple will undertake again the parts they played on that occasion. Mr. Robertson, Miss Ullman, and Miss Brandram will, of course, perform the roles originally created by Mr. George Power, Miss Marion Hood, and Miss Emily Cross.

I understand that Mr. Edward Terry is in possession of two of the three acts of which Mr. Pinero's new comedy, written for Mr. Terry, will consist. On the other hand, I am told that Mr. Pinero has not yet commenced the play which he has undertaken to provide for the new Court Theatre.

The matinee of "Little Lord Fauntleroy" on Thursday excited much interest in "the profession." In the stalls were Mr. Kendal, Miss Sophie Eyre, and other artists; in one of the boxes was Mr. Beerbohm Tree, and in another were Mr. Pinero and his wife (Miss Myra Holme). The acting of Miss Annie Hughes, Miss Mary Rorke, and Mr. C. W. Somers (as the grandfather) was highly spoken of all round. Indeed,

Miss Hughes, as the charming little lord, was received with enthusiasm.

GENERAL CHATTER.

I understand that an important work of an autobiographical character, by Mr. Thomas Parnell, entitled "The Last of the Bohemians," will shortly see the light. The date of publication is somewhat uncertain, as is generally the case with this clever writer's books.

Now, what is a fellow to do? On several occasions lately, when caught in snowstorms at night, I have been requested by fair ladies to give them a share of my umbrella. To rush on, paying no heed to the request, is unmanly; what, shall I love my woman to be left to her way unprotected through blinding "blizzards" while selfish men enjoy the shelter of a capacious "gamp"? Perish the thought! There is, however, another side to the case. Suppose the fair petitioner belongs to the naughty brigade; what would a fellow's friends say if they saw him apparently acting as her escort and protector? And, oh my! what would a fellow's wife say?

The mayors of Folkestone has hit upon a singularly happy method of commemorating the silver wedding of the Prince and Princess of Wales. She has bestowed the honor of giving a tea and dinner to one thousand poor children. I suspect that some of the little guests will only be "poor" in a very elastic sense of the term. Folkestone is a well-to-do place, and I doubt whether five hundred really poor children could be found within its boundaries.

"And whereabouts is Venezuela?" asked a passenger on the Underground, after reading in his paper the rupture of our diplomatic relations with the republic. "Where is it?" answered a fellow-passenger with huge disdain. "Why, of course, it's one of the West Indian islands, close to Manila." This is a true story, not a make-up. And, what is more, although the compartment was full, no one corrected the second speaker's wild geography.

A word of caution to well-dressed persons who refuse to pay blackmail to crossing-sweepers during dirty weather. The other evening I saw one of these unkept rascals deliberately spatter, by a shake of his muddy broom, the back of a gentleman of whom he had just solicited largesse. The ragamuffin seemed inclined to do the same to me for the same cause, but I slew round my head suddenly and he shrivelled up, regularly screeched.

It certainly looks like a considerable improvement in the iron trade to find it recorded that eighty-six furnaces are now in blast north of the Tweed compared with only sixty-two a year ago. A friend of mine tells me, however, that he knows of a more surprising thing than this. Some months ago an old and wealthy eccentric gentleman died, leaving the whole of his fortune to charitable institutions, and not a single farthing to his numerous relations. My friend says that these disappointed heirs-expectant have been in full blast ever since the will was read.

"A hard brush or a soft one?" asked a hair-cutting artist of a customer whose head had just been operated upon. "Hard," responded the latter. And it was hard; owing to some mistake of the manufacturer, the bristles were as hard and as sharp as the quills of the fretful porcupine, and in a second the unfortunate customer's head looked as if a harrow had gone over it. He used some strong language.

"What is the cheapest way to get married?" This, I am told, is one of the commonest questions put to the omniscient scribe who conducts correspondence columns in the "novels." I know what my reply would be: "If you are no hard up as to make a few shillings a matter of importance, you had better remain in single blessedness until you have put by a few pounds." I am old-fashioned enough to consider that a man has no right to take unto himself a wife until he not only has a comfortable home, but a bit of money in the savings bank as a reserve against bad times.

What greenhorns there are in the world! The progress of education appears to rather increase than diminish their number. Here is an elderly relation confiding to me the following "novel tale." One night lately he was witness of a strenuous altercation in a slummy street between a husband and wife. The man wanted to go into an adjacent public-house; she implored him to come home. At last he broke away and made a rush for the boozing den. "Will you hold my baby for a moment?" asked the poor woman of my correspondent; "I don't like to take her into that place, the darling." My relative foolishly consented, and from that moment to this he has never set eyes upon either husband or wife. And the worst of it is that his own spouse refuses to believe the story, and maintains that the infant is his own.

There is no more puzzling question than why so many young ladies, with tolerable complexions of their own, paint their faces. It is easy to understand old wizened parties resorting to art to make them "beautiful for ever." They have no alternative between doing that or remaining ugly and unattractive. But there is always sufficient charm for most men in the freshness of a young face, and this is lost when covered up with layers of paint. "Painting the lily and gilding the donkey," I remarked to a caustic friend when he was being the subject. "Not so," he replied, "bitter; there is no refinement in these bedizened beauties."

Sir Roper Lethbridge proposes to abolish the breach of promise laws. Quite right, too; they are the means of fattening a number of people—adventurers and low attorneys—who might well be left to stew in their own juice. The merest flirtation is often made an instrument for extorting blackmail. I know of one pretty lady who did this seven times before she got married. My proposal would be to give matrimonial engagements legal validity as contracts only in cases where a stamped agreement had been entered by the parties. That would be sufficient evidence, and none other should count.

THE LOUNGER.

The dramatic season at the Surrey Theatre commenced on Monday with the revival of "The Harbour Lights," which is effectively mounted and capitally acted all round by an efficient company.

An interesting feature in the programme of the Oxford Music Hall is the assault-and-arms and boxing display tendered by Professor Burnett (late of the Dragon Guards) and his troupe. The feat of slicing a potato in pieces with a sword on a woman's throat astonishes the spectators.

On Monday, Mr. Gascoigne produced "The Romany Rye" at the Marlborough Theatre, in which he gives a commendable rendering of the part of Jack Hearne, while his wife gives a vigorous and pathetic interpretation to the character of Gertie Heckett. Other parts are capably acted by the members of the company.

Here is the latest American anecdote about Miss Ellen Terry.—"Miss Terry has her little eccentricities. One very dull day, at the Lyceum, in London, she amused herself by sliding down the banisters leading to the dressing-rooms. The company was shocked, and when they saw Irving coming expected a scene not down in the bills. But Miss Terry went up to Irving with clasped hands. 'If you please,' said she in penitential tone, 'I can't help it; the place is so gloomy.' And Irving answered, 'I like it; do it again.' I have never seen Miss Terry slide down banisters, but I do know that she has her own choice on Jubilee Day she took a short nap on a plank bed."

Mr. William Francis, of the Mohawk Minstrels, will take his annual benefit at the Agricultural Hall, Islington, on Thursday next, when Mr. G. W. Moore, of the Moore and Burgess Minstrels, and many other artists of known ability will assist.

COMPANY PROMOTING.

DRURY LANE THEATRE.
AUGUSTUS HARRIS. Lessee and Manager.
EVERY EVENING, 7.30. MORNING PERFORMANCE.
EVERY SATURDAY, 11.30. MORNING PERFORMANCE.
THE PRINCESS OF THE PAST. A new and original performance.
THE PRINCESS OF THE PAST. A new and original performance.
THE PRINCESS OF THE PAST. A new and original performance.

HAYMARKET THEATRE.
Lessee and Manager, Mr. H. BEERBORN TREE.
EVERY EVENING, 8.30. A NEW PLAY, BY ROBERT
THE PRINCESS OF THE PAST. A new and original performance.
THE PRINCESS OF THE PAST. A new and original performance.

ADELPHI THEATRE.
A. and S. GATTI. Sole Proprietors and Managers.
THE PRINCESS OF THE PAST. A new and original performance.
THE PRINCESS OF THE PAST. A new and original performance.

PRINCESS OF THE PAST.
Lessee and Manager, Mr. H. BEERBORN TREE.
EVERY EVENING, 8.30. A NEW PLAY, BY ROBERT
THE PRINCESS OF THE PAST. A new and original performance.
THE PRINCESS OF THE PAST. A new and original performance.

OLYMPIC THEATRE.
Under the Management of Mr. YORK STEPHENS.
CHRISTINA. A new and original performance.
CHRISTINA. A new and original performance.

ST. JAMES'S THEATRE.
Lessee and Manager, Mr. H. BEERBORN TREE.
EVERY EVENING, 8.30. A NEW PLAY, BY ROBERT
THE PRINCESS OF THE PAST. A new and original performance.
THE PRINCESS OF THE PAST. A new and original performance.

GAITY THEATRE.
Lessee and Manager, Mr. H. BEERBORN TREE.
EVERY EVENING, 8.30. A NEW PLAY, BY ROBERT
THE PRINCESS OF THE PAST. A new and original performance.
THE PRINCESS OF THE PAST. A new and original performance.

GLOBE THEATRE.
Lessee and Manager, Mr. H. BEERBORN TREE.
EVERY EVENING, 8.30. A NEW PLAY, BY ROBERT
THE PRINCESS OF THE PAST. A new and original performance.
THE PRINCESS OF THE PAST. A new and original performance.

SAVOY THEATRE.
Lessee and Manager, Mr. H. BEERBORN TREE.
EVERY EVENING, 8.30. A NEW PLAY, BY ROBERT
THE PRINCESS OF THE PAST. A new and original performance.
THE PRINCESS OF THE PAST. A new and original performance.

TOOLE'S THEATRE.
Lessee and Manager, Mr. H. BEERBORN TREE.
EVERY EVENING, 8.30. A NEW PLAY, BY ROBERT
THE PRINCESS OF THE PAST. A new and original performance.
THE PRINCESS OF THE PAST. A new and original performance.

CRITERION THEATRE.
Lessee and Manager, Mr. H. BEERBORN TREE.
EVERY EVENING, 8.30. A NEW PLAY, BY ROBERT
THE PRINCESS OF THE PAST. A new and original performance.
THE PRINCESS OF THE PAST. A new and original performance.

DAVID GARRICK—SPECIAL NOTICE.
Lessee and Manager, Mr. H. BEERBORN TREE.
EVERY EVENING, 8.30. A NEW PLAY, BY ROBERT
THE PRINCESS OF THE PAST. A new and original performance.
THE PRINCESS OF THE PAST. A new and original performance.

DAVID GARRICK—ON WEDNESDAY NEXT.
Lessee and Manager, Mr. H. BEERBORN TREE.
EVERY EVENING, 8.30. A NEW PLAY, BY ROBERT
THE PRINCESS OF THE PAST. A new and original performance.
THE PRINCESS OF THE PAST. A new and original performance.

COMEDY THEATRE.
Lessee and Manager, Mr. H. BEERBORN TREE.
EVERY EVENING, 8.30. A NEW PLAY, BY ROBERT
THE PRINCESS OF THE PAST. A new and original performance.
THE PRINCESS OF THE PAST. A new and original performance.

OPERA COMIQUE.
Lessee and Manager, Mr. H. BEERBORN TREE.
EVERY EVENING, 8.30. A NEW PLAY, BY ROBERT
THE PRINCESS OF THE PAST. A new and original performance.
THE PRINCESS OF THE PAST. A new and original performance.

SURREY THEATRE.
Lessee and Manager, Mr. H. BEERBORN TREE.
EVERY EVENING, 8.30. A NEW PLAY, BY ROBERT
THE PRINCESS OF THE PAST. A new and original performance.
THE PRINCESS OF THE PAST. A new and original performance.

ROYAL MARLBOROUGH THEATRE.
Lessee and Manager, Mr. H. BEERBORN TREE.
EVERY EVENING, 8.30. A NEW PLAY, BY ROBERT
THE PRINCESS OF THE PAST. A new and original performance.
THE PRINCESS OF THE PAST. A new and original performance.

NATIONAL STANDARD THEATRE.
Lessee and Manager, Mr. H. BEERBORN TREE.
EVERY EVENING, 8.30. A NEW PLAY, BY ROBERT
THE PRINCESS OF THE PAST. A new and original performance.
THE PRINCESS OF THE PAST. A new and original performance.

SADLER'S WELLS THEATRE.
Lessee and Manager, Mr. H. BEERBORN TREE.
EVERY EVENING, 8.30. A NEW PLAY, BY ROBERT
THE PRINCESS OF THE PAST. A new and original performance.
THE PRINCESS OF THE PAST. A new and original performance.

ELPHANT AND CASTLE THEATRE, S.E.
Lessee and Manager, Mr. H. BEERBORN TREE.
EVERY EVENING, 8.30. A NEW PLAY, BY ROBERT
THE PRINCESS OF THE PAST. A new and original performance.
THE PRINCESS OF THE PAST. A new and original performance.

LYCEUM THEATRE.
LAST NIGHTS OF MISS MARY ANDERSON'S SEASON.
MISS MARY ANDERSON.
HERMIONE AND PERDITA.
EVERY EVENING, 8.30. A NEW PLAY, BY ROBERT
THE PRINCESS OF THE PAST. A new and original performance.
THE PRINCESS OF THE PAST. A new and original performance.

AVENUE THEATRE.
Manager, Mr. H. WATKIN.
136th PERFORMANCE.
EVERY EVENING, 8.30. A NEW PLAY, BY ROBERT
THE PRINCESS OF THE PAST. A new and original performance.
THE PRINCESS OF THE PAST. A new and original performance.

PRINCE OF WALES THEATRE.
COVENTRY-STREET, PICCADILLY.
Lessee and Manager, Mr. HORACE SEEDER.
EVERY EVENING, 8.30. A NEW PLAY, BY ROBERT
THE PRINCESS OF THE PAST. A new and original performance.
THE PRINCESS OF THE PAST. A new and original performance.

PRINCE OF WALES THEATRE.
COVENTRY-STREET, PICCADILLY.
Lessee and Manager, Mr. HORACE SEEDER.
EVERY EVENING, 8.30. A NEW PLAY, BY ROBERT
THE PRINCESS OF THE PAST. A new and original performance.
THE PRINCESS OF THE PAST. A new and original performance.

TERRY'S THEATRE.
AT 7.30. A NEW PLAY, BY ROBERT
THE PRINCESS OF THE PAST. A new and original performance.
THE PRINCESS OF THE PAST. A new and original performance.

THE EMPIRE THEATRE OF VARIETIES.
LEICESTER-SQUARE.
OPEN AT 7.30. A NEW PLAY, BY ROBERT
THE PRINCESS OF THE PAST. A new and original performance.
THE PRINCESS OF THE PAST. A new and original performance.

LONDON PAVILION.
IMMENSE SUCCESS OF MISS WHITE.
Lessee and Manager, Mr. H. BEERBORN TREE.
EVERY EVENING, 8.30. A NEW PLAY, BY ROBERT
THE PRINCESS OF THE PAST. A new and original performance.
THE PRINCESS OF THE PAST. A new and original performance.

ASSAULT-AT-ARMS BY MILITARY ATHLETES.
THE FOUR CORNERS.
Lessee and Manager, Mr. H. BEERBORN TREE.
EVERY EVENING, 8.30. A NEW PLAY, BY ROBERT
THE PRINCESS OF THE PAST. A new and original performance.
THE PRINCESS OF THE PAST. A new and original performance.

CANTERBURY THEATRE OF VARIETIES.
Managing-director, Mr. G. A. PAYNE.
GRAND CHANGE OF COMPANY.
Lessee and Manager, Mr. H. BEERBORN TREE.
EVERY EVENING, 8.30. A NEW PLAY, BY ROBERT
THE PRINCESS OF THE PAST. A new and original performance.
THE PRINCESS OF THE PAST. A new and original performance.

THE ROYAL HOLBORN.
GRAND BULLET DIVERTISSEMENT, entitled CHEF
Lessee and Manager, Mr. H. BEERBORN TREE.
EVERY EVENING, 8.30. A NEW PLAY, BY ROBERT
THE PRINCESS OF THE PAST. A new and original performance.
THE PRINCESS OF THE PAST. A new and original performance.

MIDDLESEX MUSIC HALL.
MOULDER, 16, DRYDEN-LANE.
Proprietor, Mr. J. L. GRAYDON.
Matchless Variety Programme—MONDAY.
Lessee and Manager, Mr. H. BEERBORN TREE.
EVERY EVENING, 8.30. A NEW PLAY, BY ROBERT
THE PRINCESS OF THE PAST. A new and original performance.
THE PRINCESS OF THE PAST. A new and original performance.

ROYAL FORESTERS' PALACE OF VARIETIES.
CAMBRIDGE-ROAD, MILE END, E.
Proprietor, Mr. WILLIAM LUSBY.
MONDAY, February 27th, and Every Evening—Grand
Lessee and Manager, Mr. H. BEERBORN TREE.
EVERY EVENING, 8.30. A NEW PLAY, BY ROBERT
THE PRINCESS OF THE PAST. A new and original performance.
THE PRINCESS OF THE PAST. A new and original performance.

ROYAL CAMBRIDGE HALL OF VARIETIES.
COMMERCIAL-STREET, BISHOPSGATE, E.
Proprietor, Mr. W. RILEY.
GRAND STAR COMPANY.
Lessee and Manager, Mr. H. BEERBORN TREE.
EVERY EVENING, 8.30. A NEW PLAY, BY ROBERT
THE PRINCESS OF THE PAST. A new and original performance.
THE PRINCESS OF THE PAST. A new and original performance.

COLLINS'S MUSIC HALL.
ISLINGTON GREEN, N.
Proprietor and Manager, Mr. HERBERT SPRAKE.
Walter Munroe, Katie Seymour, Mason and Titus, Tom
Lessee and Manager, Mr. H. BEERBORN TREE.
EVERY EVENING, 8.30. A NEW PLAY, BY ROBERT
THE PRINCESS OF THE PAST. A new and original performance.
THE PRINCESS OF THE PAST. A new and original performance.

BEDFORD THEATRE OF VARIETIES.
CAMDEN TOWN.
EVERY EVENING AT 7.30—Special engagement of Harry
Lessee and Manager, Mr. H. BEERBORN TREE.
EVERY EVENING, 8.30. A NEW PLAY, BY ROBERT
THE PRINCESS OF THE PAST. A new and original performance.
THE PRINCESS OF THE PAST. A new and original performance.

HART'S THEATRE OF VARIETIES.
(LATE RAGLAN).
CHARLOTTE-STREET, BLACKFRIARS-ROAD.
COY DONOVAN and Jack Hullett in their Boxing Act.
Lessee and Manager, Mr. H. BEERBORN TREE.
EVERY EVENING, 8.30. A NEW PLAY, BY ROBERT
THE PRINCESS OF THE PAST. A new and original performance.
THE PRINCESS OF THE PAST. A new and original performance.

NEW STAR MUSIC HALL, Bermondsey.
Another change on Monday next—Jones and
Lessee and Manager, Mr. H. BEERBORN TREE.
EVERY EVENING, 8.30. A NEW PLAY, BY ROBERT
THE PRINCESS OF THE PAST. A new and original performance.
THE PRINCESS OF THE PAST. A new and original performance.

ALHAMBRA THEATRE OF VARIETIES.
OPEN EVERY EVENING AT 7.30.
TWO BALLETS.—The Ball, ENCHANTMENT.
Lessee and Manager, Mr. H. BEERBORN TREE.
EVERY EVENING, 8.30. A NEW PLAY, BY ROBERT
THE PRINCESS OF THE PAST. A new and original performance.
THE PRINCESS OF THE PAST. A new and original performance.

ST. JAMES'S GREAT HALL.
REGENT-STREET AND PICCADILLY.
MR. FREDERICK BURGESS'S
GRAND DAY AND NIGHT FETE.
Lessee and Manager, Mr. H. BEERBORN TREE.
EVERY EVENING, 8.30. A NEW PLAY, BY ROBERT
THE PRINCESS OF THE PAST. A new and original performance.
THE PRINCESS OF THE PAST. A new and original performance.

THE MOORE AND BURGESS MINSTRELS.
ENTIRELY NEW ENTERTAINMENT.
Tickets and places can now be obtained at Austin's Office, St.
Lessee and Manager, Mr. H. BEERBORN TREE.
EVERY EVENING, 8.30. A NEW PLAY, BY ROBERT
THE PRINCESS OF THE PAST. A new and original performance.
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ST. JAMES'S GREAT HALL.
REGENT-STREET AND PICCADILLY.
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GRAND DAY AND NIGHT FETE.
Lessee and Manager, Mr. H. BEERBORN TREE.
EVERY EVENING, 8.30. A NEW PLAY, BY ROBERT
THE PRINCESS OF THE PAST. A new and original performance.
THE PRINCESS OF THE PAST. A new and original performance.

THURSDAY, MARCH 2nd.
Miss E. Parnon, Miss Sylvia Grey.
Miss Isabel Grey, Miss Minnie Bell.
Miss Constance Lacey, Miss Marie de Grey.
Lessee and Manager, Mr. H. BEERBORN TREE.
EVERY EVENING, 8.30. A NEW PLAY, BY ROBERT
THE PRINCESS OF THE PAST. A new and original performance.
THE PRINCESS OF THE PAST. A new and original performance.

THE MOORE AND BURGESS MINSTRELS.
ENTIRELY NEW ENTERTAINMENT.
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Lessee and Manager, Mr. H. BEERBORN TREE.
EVERY EVENING, 8.30. A NEW PLAY, BY ROBERT
THE PRINCESS OF THE PAST. A new and original performance.
THE PRINCESS OF THE PAST. A new and original performance.

IMPORTANT NOTICE.
THE ONE AND ONLY SHILLING TICKETS
and also TICKETS FOR THE RESERVED SEATS
Lessee and Manager, Mr. H. BEERBORN TREE.
EVERY EVENING, 8.30. A NEW PLAY, BY ROBERT
THE PRINCESS OF THE PAST. A new and original performance.
THE PRINCESS OF THE PAST. A new and original performance.

MR. FREDERICK BURGESS'S
MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC FETE
at the
ST. JAMES'S GREAT HALL.
ON THURSDAY WEEK, MARCH 2nd.
Lessee and Manager, Mr. H. BEERBORN TREE.
EVERY EVENING, 8.30. A NEW PLAY, BY ROBERT
THE PRINCESS OF THE PAST. A new and original performance.
THE PRINCESS OF THE PAST. A new and original performance.

MOHAWKS.
ROYAL AGRICULTURAL HALL.
Lessee and Manager, Mr. H. BEERBORN TREE.
EVERY EVENING, 8.30. A NEW PLAY, BY ROBERT
THE PRINCESS OF THE PAST. A new and original performance.
THE PRINCESS OF THE PAST. A new and original performance.

OLYMPIA-PARIS HIPPODROME.
Manager, H. HOUCKE.
LAST WEEK—CLOSING MARCH 3rd.
Two Performances DAILY, at 2.30 and 8.30 p.m.
Lessee and Manager, Mr. H. BEERBORN TREE.
EVERY EVENING, 8.30. A NEW PLAY, BY ROBERT
THE PRINCESS OF THE PAST. A new and original performance.
THE PRINCESS OF THE PAST. A new and original performance.

THE FLYING EUGENES.
La Petite Amore, Bella and
Lessee and Manager, Mr. H. BEERBORN TREE.
EVERY EVENING, 8.30. A NEW PLAY, BY ROBERT
THE PRINCESS OF THE PAST. A new and original performance.
THE PRINCESS OF THE PAST. A new and original performance.

JAPANESE HALL OF VARIETIES.
ALWAYS A FIRST-CLASS COMPANY.
Lessee and Manager, Mr. H. BEERBORN TREE.
EVERY EVENING, 8.30. A NEW PLAY, BY ROBERT
THE PRINCESS OF THE PAST. A new and original performance.
THE PRINCESS OF THE PAST. A new and original performance.

MADAME TUSSAUD'S EXHIBITION.
LATEST ADDITION—Grand Group, representing the
Lessee and Manager, Mr. H. BEERBORN TREE.
EVERY EVENING, 8.30. A NEW PLAY, BY ROBERT
THE PRINCESS OF THE PAST. A new and original performance.
THE PRINCESS OF THE PAST. A new and original performance.

"STRAIGHT TALK" TO MEN ONLY.
BY MR. KENNEDY, EXETER HALL, SUNDAY, 2.45.
Subject, "ENIGMAS." String Band, Hearty Singing.
Lessee and Manager, Mr. H. BEERBORN TREE.
EVERY EVENING, 8.30. A NEW PLAY, BY ROBERT
THE PRINCESS OF THE PAST. A new and original performance.
THE PRINCESS OF THE PAST. A new and original performance.

SUNDAY SERVICE.
IN (LARGE) EXETER HALL, Strand, at 7.9 p.m.
Spencer, HARRY GUINNESS. Organ Recital, Choir
Lessee and Manager, Mr. H. BEERBORN TREE.
EVERY EVENING, 8.30. A NEW PLAY, BY ROBERT
THE PRINCESS OF THE PAST. A new and original performance.
THE PRINCESS OF THE PAST. A new and original performance.

TEA, REAL TEA.
MADE from choice Indian, Ceylon, or China leaves, redolent
Lessee and Manager, Mr. H. BEERBORN TREE.
EVERY EVENING, 8.30. A NEW PLAY, BY ROBERT
THE PRINCESS OF THE PAST. A new and original performance.
THE PRINCESS OF THE PAST. A new and original performance.

COOPER COOPER AND CO.
50, KING WILLIAM STREET, LONDON BRIDGE, E.C.
BRANCHES.
28, BISHOPSGATE STREET WITHIN, E.
28, REGENT CIRCUS, W.
25, ST. MARK'S, W.C. (near Charing Cross).
25, HOLBORN, W.C.
25, WESTMINSTER BRIDGE-ROAD, S.E.
25, BRIGHTON, S.E.
Lessee and Manager, Mr. H. BEERBORN TREE.
EVERY EVENING, 8.30. A NEW PLAY, BY ROBERT
THE PRINCESS OF THE PAST. A new and original performance.
THE PRINCESS OF THE PAST. A new and original performance.

NEVERTHELESS, COOPER COOPER AND CO.
are simply the servants of the public. They have been
Lessee and Manager, Mr. H. BEERBORN TREE.
EVERY EVENING, 8.30. A NEW PLAY, BY ROBERT
THE PRINCESS OF THE PAST. A new and original performance.
THE PRINCESS OF THE PAST. A new and original performance.

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50, KING WILLIAM STREET, LONDON BRIDGE, E.C.
BRANCHES.
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28, REGENT CIRCUS, W.
25, ST. MARK'S, W.C. (near Charing Cross).
25, HOLBORN, W.C.
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WOOLDRIDGE'S TINCTURE
FOR
GOUT, RHEUMATISM, AND
NEURALGIA.
OF ALL CHEMISTS.

MRS. WINSLOW'S
SOOTHING SYRUP
FOR CHILDREN TEETHING.
Greatly facilitates the process of Teething; reduces inflam-
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BROWN'S
BRONCHIAL TROCHES
Cure Cough, Cold, Hoarseness, and Influenza.
For any Irritation or Soreness of the Throat.
Relieve the Hoarse Cough in Consumption.
Relieve Bronchitis, Asthma, and Catarrh.
Clear and give strength to the Voice of SINGERS.
And are indispensable to PUBLIC SPEAKERS.
Of all Chemists and Patent Medicine Vendors, is 1s. 1d.
per Box.

THE MEXICAN
HAIR RENEWER
Prevents the Hair from falling off.
Restores Grey or White Hair to its ORIGINAL
COLOUR.
Being delicately perfumed, it leaves no unpleasant
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FLORILINE
FOR THE TEETH AND BREATH
Is the BEST LIQUID DENTIFRICE in the World.
Prevents the decay of the TEETH.
Restores the Teeth PEARLY WHITE.
Removes all traces of Tobacco smoke.
Is perfectly harmless and delicious to the Taste.
Is purely composed of Honey, and extracts from
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It is particularly requested that all com-
munications relating to business matters
shall be addressed to the MANAGER and
not to the EDITOR. Loss of time and
inconvenience may thereby be avoided.

The People.
OFFICES: 110, STRAND, W.C.
"IN THE MIDDLE ORDER OF MANKIND ARE
GENERALLY TO BE FOUND ALL THE ARTS,
WISDOM, AND VIRTUE OF SOCIETY. THIS
ORDER ALONE IS KNOWN TO BE THE TRUE
PRESERVER OF FREEDOM, AND MAY BE CALLED
"THE PEOPLE."—Vicar of Wakefield, chap. 19.

THE FISHERIES TREATY.
As we announced last week, the labours of
the Canadian Fisheries Commissioners are
at an end. The question now is how far
the draft treaty which the commissioners have
drawn up is to be regarded as successful.
Before it can either in its present or any
modified form become binding upon the
countries concerned it has, of course, to
receive Parliamentary ratification by Great
Britain, Canada, and the United States. To
that end the draft treaty has been transmitted
to the American Senate by President CLEVEL-
LAND, and it is satisfactory to find that it
meets with its approval. The PRESIDENT
believes that the treaty "will be found to con-
tain a just and honourable, and, therefore, a
satisfactory solution of the difficulties which
have clouded the relations of the United States
with its neighbour on the northern border."
True, President CLEVELAND seems to
indicate that America has got somewhat the
best of the bargain; but then, in com-
mending the treaty to the American Senate,
he is obliged to believe—or to profess
to believe—that Everybody knows that the
treaty is bound to be severely
handled by Mr. BLAINE's party in the Senate;
and if Mr. CLEVELAND really desires to see it
come into operation, he certainly does well to
insist, even with some exaggeration, upon the
points which his own side has scored. As a
matter of fact, the honours seem to be fairly
divided. Each side can, of course, complain
that it has lost something—that is inevitable
in any give-and-take arrangement. But, on
the other hand, each side can likewise boast
of something gained. The commissioners have
mainly gone upon the lines of the treaty of
1818. The Canadians have always insisted
upon their natural right to exclude the
Americans from using

IMPERIAL PARLIAMENT.

HOUSE OF LORDS--Monday.
The Office of Works.

Lord LANSBOROUGH called attention to the constitution of the Office of Works and Public Buildings, and to the want of progress in connection with the new Admiralty and War Offices. He recommended the appointment of a permanent official to superintend the Office of Works. Lord LANSBOROUGH held that though it was desirable that further progress should be made with the public buildings, such progress could not be effected unless Parliament voted the money. The Board was getting drawings prepared with the view of carrying out the proposals of the Select Committee of 1885 for the construction of the new Admiralty and War Offices.

HOUSE OF COMMONS--Monday.
The New Hebrides.

Sir J. FRANKSON, replying to Mr. Bryce, stated that the French troops had not yet been withdrawn from the New Hebrides, but the French Government had undertaken that they should be withdrawn within four months of the signing of the agreement, which was dated 16th November last.

The Address: Agricultural Distress.

On the resumption of the debate on the Address, Mr. CHAPLIN called attention to the depressed condition of agriculture, and said he was sceptical of any improvement until there had been a genuine revival in agricultural industry. He estimated that the amounts lost to the markets at home by this depression were equal to one-fourth of our whole export trade altogether, and that was nothing to what they might expect in the future if the present state of things continued. He confessed that in the present circumstances he had come to the conclusion that the imposition of protective duties would not lead to any specific benefit so far as the English producer was concerned, and he invited the Government to say what meaning they put on the paragraph relating to agriculture in the Queen's Speech. Lord JOHN MANNERS pointed out that there were signs of the revival of trade, and that these augured well for the future of agriculture. What the Government proposed to do was to introduce a bill for the establishment of an agricultural department, and they also hoped that they would, by means of the Railway Rates Bill and otherwise, bring some relief to agriculturalists, put an end to the bounties which existed on the importation of foreign produce, and relieve them to some extent from foreign competition. The debate was carried on by Mr. H. GARDNER, who hoped the Government would introduce a real and not a sham Tithe Bill, and other remedial measures, by Mr. HOWARD VINCENT, who did not see much ground for a speedy remedy in the measures of the Government, and who believed that an increasing body of public opinion would condemn the existing system of one-sided Free Trade; by Mr. T. E. ELIAS, who suggested the creation of a board of valuers for Wales to fix a fair rent, and by Sir R. SAGG, Mr. O. MORICE, and Mr. KENYON SLANEY. Mr. ALAN EMBERTON, Sir E. BIRKBECK, Mr. JASPER MORE, and Sir W. BARTLETT, after which the subject dropped.

Indian Finance.

An amendment was then moved by Mr. SAMUEL SMITH, expressing anxiety at the recurring deficits in the Indian Budgets, and calling on the Government to meet the wishes of the natives in respect both of finance and administration, and to appoint a Royal Commission to inquire into the Government of India. This was seconded by Mr. SLADE. Sir R. SAGG thought that if a commission were granted it should direct its inquiry to the possibility of reducing the expenditure of devolving representative institutions, and of substituting in some degree natives for Europeans. Sir J. GOSSETT approved of an inquiry. Sir J. GOSSETT argued that the Public Service Commission, which had been sitting in India, and which had just made its report, was the very commission which Lord Smith demanded. Last year he announced that the Government would postpone the question of an inquiry until the report of that commission had been received and considered, and to that position he still adhered. After some remarks from Sir U. J. KAY SHUTTLEWORTH, Mr. SMITH withdrew his amendment, and the debate was adjourned on the motion of Dr. CAMERON.

HOUSE OF LORDS--Tuesday.
Miscellaneous Business.

Earl Russell and Earl Ferrers took the oath and subscribed the roll of Parliament. The Church Cathedral Fabric and Services Bill was referred to a Select Committee, on the motion of the Earl of Mount-Edgumbe. In reply to the Earl of Milltown, the Marquis of SALISBURY agreed to produce the report of Captain Shaw in reference to the burning of Exeter Theatre.

HOUSE OF COMMONS--Tuesday.
The Greenwich and Blackwall Subway.

Mr. ALAN EMBERTON, replying to Mr. Board, stated that the Metropolitan Board of Works had begun negotiations with the owners of property that would be interfered with by the subway between Greenwich and Blackwall. These negotiations had now assumed a favourable turn, and would probably be concluded soon.

Non-Political.

Lord G. HAMILTON admitted to Mr. Gedge that the cash clerk at Deptford Victualling Yard was the son of Mr. Blunt's election committee; but the dockyard regulations prohibited the exercise of any influence, direct or indirect, on the workmen employed in the establishment.

No Responsibility at All.

Mr. BRADLAW, referring to the refusal of the First Lord of the Treasury to assent to the appointment of a Select Committee to inquire into the matters he had raised between Lord Salisbury and himself, stated that he had received a letter from the Prime Minister's solicitor to the effect that the published letter, in which an allegation of perjury was made, was not published by Lord Salisbury, or with his authority, and that his legal responsibility of the letter was, therefore, not admitted. Having thus been refused a Select Committee and denied access to a court of law, he hoped the House would be satisfied that no further responsibility rested with him.

The Address: Another Amendment.

Dr. CAMERON, in resuming the debate on the Address, moved an amendment expressing regret that the Speech from the Throne contained no promise of remedial measures on behalf of the crofters. He suggested that the Land Commission should be strengthened, that the fisheries should be assisted, that access to the shore should be given them, and that the regulations of the Treasury, which had hindered them from getting a shilling, should be greatly relaxed. The amendment was seconded by Mr. A. SUTHERLAND. The LORD ADVOCATE gave an account of the conduct of the rioters and deer-stealers in Lewis, showing that they were not actuated by starvation, and that they were guilty of a distinct, wilful, and deliberate defiance of the law which it was the duty of the executive to suppress. The destitution in Lewis was not the result of excessive rents, as very few of the rents had been paid, and if all the land in the island was given them it would enable them to live by husbandry. The Government had been making arrangements for giving them assistance on reasonable terms to enable them to carry on fishing, and they were also in direct communication with those who were now endeavouring to meet the present want, which, however, would

only be met by a system of emigration which would relieve the congested districts, and in which the Government would assist. The debate occupied the remainder of the evening. In the course of it Mr. ASHES supported the amendment, and Mr. A. J. BALFOUR replied to the arguments advanced by the sympathisers with the crofters. Sir G. THORNTON maintained that Parliament, by the Act of 1886, intended the crofts to be enlarged. After some remarks from Mr. CHAPLIN, Mr. BRADLAW, and Mr. CALDWELL, the House divided, and the amendment was lost by 194 to 133.

COMMONS--Wednesday.
The Address Agreed To.

Mr. ANDERSON resumed the debate on the Address by moving an amendment in favour of the appointment of a competent tribunal for the disposal of the occupiers of land in Scotland, whether holders of long leases or not. The amendment was largely supported by the Scotch members, but its rejection was moved by the LORD ADVOCATE, who, at a later stage of the debate, was supported by Mr. ASHES. On a division, the amendment was lost by 190 to 77. The motion for the Address was then agreed to, and a Committee was appointed to draw up the Address.

Foreign Policy.

The Address having been reported to the House, Mr. LABOUCHERE moved an amendment to the report, that it would conduce to a proper appreciation of certain of the subjects recommended to the consideration of the House if the House could be informed that no correspondence had been exchanged between Her Majesty's Ministers and the Government of Italy containing any assurances which would constitute a binding pact upon the present Ministers of the Italian Government. He repudiated the statement that the event of a war was breaking out during the tenure of office between the French Republic and the Kingdom of Italy, or, if such assurances had been given, that they should be brought to the knowledge of the House. Mr. OCTAVIUS MORGAN having seconded the amendment, Sir J. FRANKSON said that a telegram had just been received from Admiral Hewitt to the effect that the statement that he had made a speech admitting that such an engagement had been entered into was absolutely false and without foundation. Sir James went on to say that the Government were not under any engagement pledging the nation and military forces of the country except such as was already known to the House. He repudiated the statement that Lord Salisbury was unopposed by the French, and it was untrue that her Majesty's Government had pursued any negotiation which would affect the good understanding between this country and France. Correspondence had taken place with foreign Powers ever since the disturbances in Bulgaria as to the preservation of peace, the effect of various contingencies or the changes which would result from war; but it was not made known at present. The Government did not feel justified in discussing the question further, but he agreed that no war would ever be entered upon by this country unless our national interests were involved. Mr. GLADSTONE said it was not desirable to tie down the Crown by any declaration in reference to contingencies which had not arisen. He was quite satisfied with the declarations which had been made by the Government, and there was no disposition on either side of the House to press for undue or premature disclosure of the correspondence. He advised the withdrawal of the amendment. It had been a matter of lively satisfaction to him that the course taken by Lord Salisbury had been in accordance with sound principles of foreign policy. Mr. W. H. SMITH thanked Mr. Gladstone for the tone of his speech. The guiding principle of the Government during the last eighteen months had been to preserve the peace of the world. The amendment was withdrawn.

HOUSE OF LORDS--Thursday.
Lord Salisbury and the Bulgarian Question.

Lord STRATHEDEN and CAMPBELL, in calling attention to the correspondence on Bulgaria, said that published papers extended from September, 1885, to December, 1886, and since then we were without actual information as to the state of diplomatic relations with Bulgaria. After referring to the recent unsettled state of affairs in the Principality, the noble lord moved an address to her Majesty for further papers on the late events in European Turkey. Lord SALISBURY, in reply, said that no correspondence in connection with Bulgaria had been laid on the table, because none of it was of sufficient interest to justify such a course. He thought that the noble lord (Stratheden) was a little unfair to Bulgaria when referring to the remarks of Prince Bismarck at the conference at Berlin. The difficulty which the Bulgarians were in was attributable to the necessity for them to obtain the unanimous consent of all the great Powers. The only other remark of the noble lord's calling for reply was with reference to the desirability of calling a conference of the great Powers. He (the noble lord) should not object to conferences, but it was necessary to distinguish between that kind of conference. At conferences where the consent of the great Powers was necessary, there were often great difficulties to get an agreement. In conclusion, the noble lord said that the ordinary intercourse between the various States of Europe by the ordinary channel of diplomatic intercourse would enable us to overcome any differences of opinion which may exist; and I cordially subscribe to the hope expressed by the Chancellor of Germany in his recent great speech that on so small a matter as the Government of Bulgaria it would be a disgrace to Europe if it ever plunged them into war. The motion was agreed to.

HOUSE OF COMMONS--Thursday.
The Truck System.

Mr. CORN asked the President of the Local Government Board whether his attention had been directed to the practice of the St. Olave's Board of Guardians, Bermondsey, of giving tea and sugar to men by way of payment for stone-breaking and other work; whether he was aware that the tea so given cost the board 1s. 4d. a pound, and is charged to the men at the rate of 2s. a cwt., which costs the board 16s. 6d. a cwt., and whether he will cause inquiries to be made into the matter with a view to prevent such practices for the future. Mr. KITCHIN said he had communicated with the guardians of St. Olave's, Bermondsey, as to the practice which had been adopted, and he found that the facts were as stated in the question. The matter had been brought under the attention of the guardians, and on the 8th inst. a special committee had agreed to recommend that the value of the tea should be reckoned at one penny per ounce and the sugar at twopenny per pound. There was no doubt that this recommendation would be adopted by the guardians.

The Charge of Blackmailing by the Police.

The HOME SECRETARY, in answer to Mr. HOWARD VINCENT, said that inquiries had been instituted and endeavours made to ascertain from Mr. Cairne and others any specific facts to bear out the allegation of blackmailing made by Mr. Cairne on the 5th of July last year. No such facts had been elicited, nor was any evidence forthcoming to support the charge against the police. Mr. CAIRNE gave notice that he would call attention to the matter on going into Committee of Supply.

The Murder of Head-constable Whelan.

Colonel KING-HARRMAN, in reply to Mr. M. Healy, said an annual pension of £40 had been granted to the widow of the late Head-constable Whelan, who was murdered in county Clare, so long as she remained a widow, and an annual allowance of

£3 10s. to each of the four children until they attained 15 years of age.

An Expelled British Missionary.

Mr. JOHNSTON asked the Under-Secretary for Foreign Affairs if his attention had been called to the expulsion of the Rev. John Jones by the French from Mars, on the Loyalty Islands, where a real and able Christian missionary, and if he had any information to show whether Mr. Jones was expelled because he was a Protestant. Sir J. FRANKSON said it had been reported by Her Majesty's consul that the Rev. John Jones had been expelled from the Loyalty Islands. Inquiries had been made by our ambassador at Paris, but no positive answer had been received from the French Government. It had been stated, however, that the Rev. gentleman had carried on an active propaganda in favour of the annexation of the islands to Australia, and had been asked to desist from interference in political affairs.

Old Pensions.

Mr. HANBURY asked how many persons were still drawing pensions from the Consolidated Fund, in virtue of having been, so far back as the year 1820, allowed by the Civil List of His Majesty George III. Mr. JACKSON said six pensioners still remained on the list. These pensions were only paid on life certificates. In one case that had not been produced for more than a year; and in another case for three years. It was therefore possible that the list might be reduced to four.

The Local Government Bill.

Sir W. DUNSTON asked whether the Government could state when the most important bill of the session—the Local Government Bill—would be introduced?—Mr. W. H. SMITH said: It will be introduced at the earliest possible day after we have considered the estimates. I refer to the supplementary estimates and the necessary vote for the Army and Navy and the vote on account.

The Agitation in Ireland.

Mr. SHAW-LEVEY resumed the debate on the report of the Address, to which he moved an amendment regretting the absence of any measure dealing with arrears of excessive and unjust rents which had accumulated in Ireland during the last two years, in order to prevent wholesale evictions in Loughrea and Wexford. He gave an account of what he called the tyranny on Lord Clanricarde's estate, and of the rents the tenants paid. The tenants of the district of their debts when they could. On that estate was formed the first combination of tenants, and its origin was perfectly spontaneous. The National League had nothing to do with it; and from the moment the combination began there was a cessation of all outrage and crime. He defended the action of Mr. Wilfrid Blunt, and was unable to see why Mr. Blunt should be convicted for holding a meeting similar to the one he (Mr. Shaw-Levey) held on February 10th, when he called the Government had not convicted him for doing likewise. Mr. A. J. BALFOUR, in the course of a vigorous speech, taunted the leaders of the Opposition with passing a Land Act to fix rents for fifteen years, and afterwards complaining that the arrears under it were unjust. He was quite ready to accept Lord Clanricarde as an extreme type of a bad Irish landlord, but he asked why if Lord Clanricarde was the worst landlord in existence had not his tenants got judicial rents? He maintained that it was because their rents were so little above judicial rents that it was not worth while for them to go into court. (Cheers.) Lord Clanricarde, he observed, was not the worst, or nearly the worst man in the district; but the estimable body of men who had conspired to make that district a hell upon earth, and a disgrace to civilisation. (Lord cheers.) He defended the action of the Government in proclaiming the meeting in Ireland which Mr. Blunt attended, contending that there was a great difference between that meeting and the one which Mr. Shaw-Levey attended. He (the one which Mr. Shaw-Levey attended) was a Socialist revolution under the mask of political agitation. (Hear, hear.) The real force at work was hatred of England—(cheers)—and a desire for Socialist principles among the tenants; and unless the Government stopped that cancer which was eating at the heart of Ireland, it mattered not whether Parliament passed Home Rule or Separation, for enterprise and confidence would be killed, and the people who would suffer the most would be the unhappy dupes of the Nationalist agitators. (Lord cheers.) The debate was continued by Mr. A. J. BALFOUR. The Nationalist agitators, he said, were not the worst, or nearly the worst men in the district; but the estimable body of men who had conspired to make that district a hell upon earth, and a disgrace to civilisation. (Lord cheers.) He defended the action of the Government in proclaiming the meeting in Ireland which Mr. Blunt attended, contending that there was a great difference between that meeting and the one which Mr. Shaw-Levey attended. He (the one which Mr. Shaw-Levey attended) was a Socialist revolution under the mask of political agitation. (Hear, hear.) The real force at work was hatred of England—(cheers)—and a desire for Socialist principles among the tenants; and unless the Government stopped that cancer which was eating at the heart of Ireland, it mattered not whether Parliament passed Home Rule or Separation, for enterprise and confidence would be killed, and the people who would suffer the most would be the unhappy dupes of the Nationalist agitators. (Lord cheers.) The debate was continued by Mr. A. J. BALFOUR. The Nationalist agitators, he said, were not the worst, or nearly the worst men in the district; but the estimable body of men who had conspired to make that district a hell upon earth, and a disgrace to civilisation. (Lord cheers.) He defended the action of the Government in proclaiming the meeting in Ireland which Mr. Blunt attended, contending that there was a great difference between that meeting and the one which Mr. Shaw-Levey attended. He (the one which Mr. Shaw-Levey attended) was a Socialist revolution under the mask of political agitation. (Hear, hear.) The real force at work was hatred of England—(cheers)—and a desire for Socialist principles among the tenants; and unless the Government stopped that cancer which was eating at the heart of Ireland, it mattered not whether Parliament passed Home Rule or Separation, for enterprise and confidence would be killed, and the people who would suffer the most would be the unhappy dupes of the Nationalist agitators. (Lord cheers.)

STICKING TO HIS PULPIT.

The Welsh papers this week report some scandalous scenes at Hermon Independent Chapel, Cowll, Carmarthenshire. Three months ago the pastor, the Rev. J. O. Owens, received notice to quit. This notice expired on Sunday last, and in anticipation of a scene people flocked to the chapel from all parts. When the doors were opened at ten o'clock it was found that Mr. Owens and a few supporters were already in possession of the pulpit, having kept vigil throughout the entire night. The police were sent for. On their arrival the congregation commenced singing, whilst Mr. Owens proceeded to hold forth. This lasted for two hours. At midday attempts were made to eject the minister from the pulpit, but were effectually resisted. Mr. Owens asked the police to clear the chapel, but they declined. Eventually the rev. gentleman was escorted from the place.

A WHOLE FAMILY POISONED.

Intelligence from the Hungarian town of Bakony-Nans states that in consequence of the ravages of wolves the burgomaster of the place had a sheep killed, and, having placed strong poison on the carcass, laid it out as bait for the hungry creatures. Unfortunately the burgomaster's intention had not been made public, with the result that when a poverty-stricken peasant espied the carcass he appropriated a large portion of it, and took what he considered a sumptuous supply of wholesome meat to his starving family. They all partook of it heartily, and next morning the peasant, his wife, and seven children were found dead, poisoned by the innocent, though careless, hand of their chief magistrate.

SHOCKING CRUELTY AT SEA.

Admiral received from Hiojo, Japan, state that the British ship Macdon had arrived there on the 2nd inst. from Philadelphia, after a protracted voyage of 213 days. Charges of gross tyranny were formulated at Hiojo against W. Cox, the mate, and Charles F. Beveridge, the boatswain, and a naval court, with James Troup, British consul, as president, investigated the cases of five of the crew, who succumbed to the brutal treatment they are alleged to have received from the mate and boatswain. The evidence showed that officers of the vessel. The evidence showed that Edward Grant died on September 25th, 1887, and eight days before his death he was lashed to the mainmast by Cox, and kept at work until the morning of the day before he died. John Miller was lost overboard on October 7th, and the master allowed the man to sink without making an effort to rescue him, not even causing a boat to be lowered. On November 19th, while suffering from scurvy, James Armstrong was sent by the boatswain to scrape the mizen royal mast, a task that was not of an urgent nature. While performing this duty Armstrong fell to the deck and died of his injuries the following day. Alvin Chapel and Aurel Bianchi died of scurvy, the former on December 13th and the latter six days later. For Bianchi he reserved the most shocking acts of cruelty, he having been dragged along the deck on several occasions by Cox and Beveridge while in a dying condition. The mate and boatswain were ordered to answer before the British courts of Japan for their gross ill-usage of three of the dead men—Grant, Bianchi, and Armstrong—while the master was reprimanded for his cruel treatment.

ASKED HER TO PAY FOR HIS FUNERAL.

A man named William Childerhouse committed suicide late on Monday night in an eat-house in Scarborough. He was about 49, and was a widower with a grown-up daughter. He had kept a public-house in Hull, but subsequently took two or three situations. He became a defaulter, but was forgiven, but again embezzling money. At last a warrant was issued against him on that charge, and he left his lodgings. He was heard of at a restaurant in Scarborough on Monday night, where he had been locked up (voluntarily) in his bedroom, without food or drink since the previous Saturday. Between ten and eleven o'clock at night a detective knocked at the door, and on entering the bedroom the occupant fell back, staggered to the side of the bed, and died immediately. On a table in the bedroom was found a small bottle which had contained prussic acid. In his pocket-book there was a memorandum, addressed to his sister, asking her to pay for his funeral.

Her Majesty the Queen of the Netherlands has granted the title of Baron de Buisson to the late Baron de Buisson, a Dutch nobleman, with pension to the Royal Arms of Her Majesty. (Adv.)

SOME HARD SWEARING.

There was some hard swearing in the case of Skinner v. the London General Omnibus Company at Shrewsbury County Court this week. It was an action brought by the plaintiff, a lady of independent means, to recover from the defendant company the sum of £50 as damages for personal injuries alleged to have been received through the negligence of one of the defendant company's servants. Plaintiff on October 8th last, got into one of the defendant's omnibuses at Piccadilly Circus. She rode at 490, Fulham-road, and when the bus stopped near the house she asked the conductor to stop the vehicle. He pulled the bell, and plaintiff got on the step. The conductor then again pulled the bell and the omnibus started. The conductor then told the plaintiff to jump, but she refused to do so, and the conductor then caught hold of her arm and pulled her off the bus. She was dragged along the ground for some yards, her head, arm, and knee being injured. The conductor then picked her up, placed her on the pavement, and ran after his bus, which had gone on. Mary Ann Colville, a domestic servant, corroborated a great part of this evidence. For the defence, Thomas Davis, the conductor of the bus, deposed that on the night of the 6th of October last no accident occurred in Fulham-road. The plaintiff did not get in his bus, which was the only one on the route, nor had he ever seen the plaintiff before. His honour said the jury had a very grave issue to try, that of perjury. In the result, the jury believed the plaintiff, and awarded her £25 damages. Mr. Hall, the defendant's counsel, remarking that the company would never have brought the case into court had it not been for the statements made.

THE PERILS OF ELECTRICITY.

A singular accident has happened at Buffalo, U.S. A broken telephone wire hung in the street, crossing an electric light wire charged with a powerful current. Suddenly a horse was seen by a passer-by named Moulton to fall in the street almost abreast of him, and he went at once to the assistance of the driver. The latter, a boy of 18, rose from his seat and tried to jerk the animal off his feet. He used the whip, and immediately fell back and out of the sleigh, and as he touched the ground he uttered a yell that was heard for blocks and fell dying in the street. Dr. Mulhern heard the man's dying cry, and hastily dressed and ran to the scene of the accident. A crowd had gathered, and Moulton's body was taken to Smith's drug store, where he breathed for three or four minutes. Dr. Mulhern poured brandy down the man's throat and assisted him in breathing, but he was too late. Moulton lived only ten minutes after touching the electricity-charged wire. The driver of the sleigh, named Taylor, was taken to the hospital in an ambulance, and revived sufficiently to be sent home in a carriage before daylight. The cause of the accident was apparent at once. The telephone wire hung in the street, and the horse in passing had become entangled in it. He fell dead on the instant probably, and the driver's whip, wet with the rain, acted as a conductor, and sent a portion of the current into Taylor. When the coloured man touched the horse and its harness he received a full charge of the electricity from the hanging wire, which was entangled in the bit. Moulton's hands were burnt, and his face puffed up somewhat, but there were no other effects discernible on his body. The penknife in his pocket was strongly magnetised, and polarised a needle ten hours after the accident.

STICKING TO HIS PULPIT.

The Welsh papers this week report some scandalous scenes at Hermon Independent Chapel, Cowll, Carmarthenshire. Three months ago the pastor, the Rev. J. O. Owens, received notice to quit. This notice expired on Sunday last, and in anticipation of a scene people flocked to the chapel from all parts. When the doors were opened at ten o'clock it was found that Mr. Owens and a few supporters were already in possession of the pulpit, having kept vigil throughout the entire night. The police were sent for. On their arrival the congregation commenced singing, whilst Mr. Owens proceeded to hold forth. This lasted for two hours. At midday attempts were made to eject the minister from the pulpit, but were effectually resisted. Mr. Owens asked the police to clear the chapel, but they declined. Eventually the rev. gentleman was escorted from the place.

A WHOLE FAMILY POISONED.

Intelligence from the Hungarian town of Bakony-Nans states that in consequence of the ravages of wolves the burgomaster of the place had a sheep killed, and, having placed strong poison on the carcass, laid it out as bait for the hungry creatures. Unfortunately the burgomaster's intention had not been made public, with the result that when a poverty-stricken peasant espied the carcass he appropriated a large portion of it, and took what he considered a sumptuous supply of wholesome meat to his starving family. They all partook of it heartily, and next morning the peasant, his wife, and seven children were found dead, poisoned by the innocent, though careless, hand of their chief magistrate.

SHOCKING CRUELTY AT SEA.

Admiral received from Hiojo, Japan, state that the British ship Macdon had arrived there on the 2nd inst. from Philadelphia, after a protracted voyage of 213 days. Charges of gross tyranny were formulated at Hiojo against W. Cox, the mate, and Charles F. Beveridge, the boatswain, and a naval court, with James Troup, British consul, as president, investigated the cases of five of the crew, who succumbed to the brutal treatment they are alleged to have received from the mate and boatswain. The evidence showed that officers of the vessel. The evidence showed that Edward Grant died on September 25th, 1887, and eight days before his death he was lashed to the mainmast by Cox, and kept at work until the morning of the day before he died. John Miller was lost overboard on October 7th, and the master allowed the man to sink without making an effort to rescue him, not even causing a boat to be lowered. On November 19th, while suffering from scurvy, James Armstrong was sent by the boatswain to scrape the mizen royal mast, a task that was not of an urgent nature. While performing this duty Armstrong fell to the deck and died of his injuries the following day. Alvin Chapel and Aurel Bianchi died of scurvy, the former on December 13th and the latter six days later. For Bianchi he reserved the most shocking acts of cruelty, he having been dragged along the deck on several occasions by Cox and Beveridge while in a dying condition. The mate and boatswain were ordered to answer before the British courts of Japan for their gross ill-usage of three of the dead men—Grant, Bianchi, and Armstrong—while the master was reprimanded for his cruel treatment.

ASKED HER TO PAY FOR HIS FUNERAL.

A man named William Childerhouse committed suicide late on Monday night in an eat-house in Scarborough. He was about 49, and was a widower with a grown-up daughter. He had kept a public-house in Hull, but subsequently took two or three situations. He became a defaulter, but was forgiven, but again embezzling money. At last a warrant was issued against him on that charge, and he left his lodgings. He was heard of at a restaurant in Scarborough on Monday night, where he had been locked up (voluntarily) in his bedroom, without food or drink since the previous Saturday. Between ten and eleven o'clock at night a detective knocked at the door, and on entering the bedroom the occupant fell back, staggered to the side of the bed, and died immediately. On a table in the bedroom was found a small bottle which had contained prussic acid. In his pocket-book there was a memorandum, addressed to his sister, asking her to pay for his funeral.

Her Majesty the Queen of the Netherlands has granted the title of Baron de Buisson to the late Baron de Buisson, a Dutch nobleman, with pension to the Royal Arms of Her Majesty. (Adv.)

GALLANT RESCUE FROM A FIRE.

A fire broke out about half past one on Monday morning on two premises tenanted by Mr. J. Balderston, greengrocer, 143, Whitecross street. At the upper windows were several people in their night-dresses screaming for help, and it seemed certain that they would either have been burnt to death by the rapidly spreading flames. An engine was instantly turned out, while Fireman G. H. Mackrell, 569, ran out with the fire-escape. On arriving at the scene, where the small crowd which had collected had been imploring the people in the house to wait a few moments, the escape was soon pitched. Amidst the flames and smoke the fireman ran up, and soon appeared again with one of the afflicted inmates. Again and again he ascended until six persons had been rescued. By this time the fire had burnt all over the house, and although further help had arrived, and the deliveries from a standpipe were got to work, the entire house of nine rooms was severely damaged by fire, heat and water.

A CASE OF GENUINE MISFORTUNE AND WANT.

A decently-dressed woman, named Amelia Ferdinand, who when arrested gave the name of Culliee, was charged at Bow-street with begging in the Easton-road on the night of the 16th inst. She had three children with her when she was apprehended. She now told the magistrate that her husband had been out of employment for some time. Besides the three children who accompanied her she had four others at home, while three more were earning a little money in service. She had a family of ten—the oldest 17 and the youngest 3 months—and had no food to give them. Her husband had had two confectioner's shops, but through misfortune had failed, and could not now find employment. The Rev. Edward Clark, of Faraday road, North Kensington, wrote that he had known the family for several years, and he considered it a case of genuine misfortune. Mr. Bridge discharged the woman, and gave her a sovereign from the poor-box.

A TERRIBLE LOVE TRAGEDY.

Details of a terrible love tragedy came from Lamoignon. A well-to-do artisan of the town had lived for some time with a married woman of great beauty, who was separated from her husband. Her conduct was so irregular that her lover resolved to take her away to Bordeaux, but the woman refused steadfastly to leave Lamoignon. The artisan, after having implored her for a long time, but in vain, to follow him, took out a revolver and shot her dead. He then began to caress the face of the victim, shrieking and tearing his hair like a maniac. He then turned and, making their appearance, the infuriated lover fired several shots at them without effect, and then turning his weapon against himself he lodged the last bullet in his jaw.

SERIOUS CHARGE AGAINST A GAS MANAGER.

At the Salford Police Court on Thursday the charge against Mr. Samuel Hunter, late gas manager of the Salford corporation, of having committed perjury, was investigated. Mr. Poland prosecuted; and Mr. Fulton, M.P., defended. It is alleged against the defendant that in his evidence in the libel action which he brought against Mr. Ellis Lever he denied that he had received a commission on coal contracts or had made a private profit out of any of his official transactions. Evidence having been called to show that the defendant had arranged with a Normanton firm to receive a commission on coal supplied to the corporation, the case was adjourned for a week, and it was arranged that if the magistrates decide to convict, the defendant shall be committed to the Lancaster Assizes. Then an application will be made to transfer the hearing to London.

On Saturday the corner for the borough of Southwark was informed that Daniel O'Leary, aged 23, lately living in Clune's-place, Bermondsey, had been found dead near the four-foot way near Spa-road Station.

On Saturday Superintendent Webster, of the Kent police, was informed that the body of a child had been found, wrapped in brown paper, on the down platform of the South-Eastern Railway at Dartford Station.

At the University Hospital on Saturday afternoon William McMahon, aged 8 years, of 16, Exmouth-street, Euston-road, was admitted, suffering from extensive burns, caused by his clothing catching fire while standing too close to the grate.

On Saturday the East Surrey coroner was informed that James Charles Baker, aged 39 years, a carpenter, of 64, Larkhall-lane, Clapham, was suddenly taken ill at his home on the previous night, and expired before the arrival of Dr. Oldham, who had been sent for.

In transmitting the Fisheries Treaty to the United States Senate, President Cleveland announced that he believed it would be found to contain a just, honourable, and satisfactory solution of the difficulties which had clouded the relations of the United States with its neighbour on the northern border.

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45 BRANCHES THROUGHOUT GREAT BRITAIN AND IRELAND.

"THE PEOPLE" MIXTURE.

Chicago anticipates erecting a crematory. Small-pox is spreading in Darwen, Lancashire. The receipts of Mr. Irving's four weeks' engagement at Boston amounted to \$80,000.

Japan anticipates building fifteen men-of-war and thirty torpedo boats.

Lord Hartington will speak at a Unionist meeting at Ipswich on March 7th.

A horsehoe was found imbedded in the heart of a tree three feet in diameter, that was cut down near York Springs, Pa., recently.

The French Army has just lost one of its most scientific officers through the death at Montpellier, of bronchitis, of General Ferrer.

The State apartments at Windsor will eventually receive a considerable quantity of the Queen's jubilee presents.

The Bolton Theatre Royal, which was burned down on the morning of January 4th through the act of an incendiary, is to be rebuilt.

A "hotel" on ice is a novelty to be seen in Wisconsin. It is on Green Bay, about midway between Starport Bay and Marinette.

It is feared that there will not be time this season to deal with the question of intermediate education in Wales.

The Right Hon. G. Cubitt, M.P., has made a donation of £20 to the Parkes Museum, to aid in its work of practical teaching and demonstrating sanitary science.

At the date of the last returns the enrolled strength of the Militia force was 122,428, viz., English regiments, 83,333; Scotch regiments, 14,917; and Irish regiments, 24,178.

Levi Lines is an old Luton poacher. In all he has paid £72 in fines for the offence. His last "doe" and "costs" was for poaching on the Danish Minister's estate.

In Siskiyou county, Cal., the gaol is empty; there is not a pauper in the country, and not a single individual is being cared for at the public expense.

It is said that Mademoiselle Zucchi, the black-haired and dark-eyed Italian danseuse, who was once the glory of the ballets of the Eden Theatre, Paris, is about to be married to a young Russian prince.

It is stated that a French syndicate of engineers now at Tientsin have engaged to close the great breach in the Hoangho, and have also tendered to keep the river under control for thirty years for the sum of 30,000,000 taels.

James Kettle and Thomas Harding have been remanded at the West Ham Police Court on the charge of having been concerned, with others not in custody, in stealing a cab and a vehicle and harness, valued at £150.

Hepthab Hemmington, described as a well-dressed young woman, was, at the Wandsworth Police Court, sentenced to one month's imprisonment on the charge of having stolen a ring from a jeweller's shop.

The coming of age of Prince Christian of Schleswig-Holstein, eldest son of Prince and Princess Christian, which will take place on April 16th, will be celebrated with considerable festivity at Cumberland Lodge.

A farmer living at Duluth, in Minnesota, discovered a stranded balloon in the woods away from the travelled path, and wedged in the limbs of the tree in which the balloon was caught the dead body of a man.

In the Italian Army in the past year there were 2,983 men upon the roll, of whom 880,462 belonged to the permanent army, 238,583 to the militia, and the remainder to the territorial forces.

A cotton operative, named Mary O'Hara, aged 20, has been sent to prison for six months by the Blackburn magistrates for stealing money from little children. The prisoner's method was to stop children as they were going on errands, take the money from them, and then decamp.

Lord Randolph Churchill has written to the Paddington Vestry saying the proposed measure for making the election of vestrymen uniform in the metropolis and securing the use of official voting papers is too large, though he is willing to give general support to it.

A yacht race for £1,000 is to take place between the Atlantic, 54 tons, belonging to Mr. Laurence M. Ames, and the Bismarck, 98 tons, belonging to Mr. E. W. Butler. Starting from Southampton Water to Madeira, the first yacht letting her anchor down to the south-east of the Loo Rock, Fort Funchal Bay, will be declared the winner.

Ladies' sledge races have been organised in St. Petersburg, where ladies will wear special distinguishing dresses of satin, each having her own colour, jockey fashion. The prizes are to be diamond ornaments, and have been offered by the Empress, the Jockey Club, and other sporting associations.

An ex-police constable named Hanes has been remanded at Greenwich charged with stealing rabbits and a fowl from the premises of a constable at Catford, and with stealing property from a Wesleyan chapel in the same place. The rabbits and fowl were found hanging in the prisoner's warehouse.

A continuance of severe weather and renewed snowstorms was reported from various parts of the kingdom in the early part of the week. Several lives were lost. Persons were found dead in the snow in Wales, at Maybridge, Lochelly, and Coatbridge; and in Shropshire two brothers were drowned by the ice on a pond giving way.

The Birmingham stipendiary has committed a respectable young man to the gaol for several sessions on a charge of passing several gilded jubilee sixpences as half-sovereigns. The prisoner was identified as having tendered a number of the gilded sixpences at various shops in the town during the last few weeks. In several cases he changed the coins for small change.

The murders of Mr. Snell, a "millionaire," at Chicago, has been discovered through the confession of an accomplice. He is a young man named Tascott, who is said to have "a long record as an expert thief." He was, nevertheless, employed as a reporter on one of the Chicago papers, and was actually asked to "write up" the Snell tragedy. He has fled, it is believed, to California.

The Farmers' Alliance held their annual meeting, with a dinner in the evening, at the Bridge House Hotel, on Monday. The event of the day was a paper by Mr. W. E. Bear, who contended that much that the farmer ought to have went into the pocket of the unnecessary middle-man, and recommended the farmer to extend his experiment of co-operative shopkeeping.

Mr. Goschen, in receiving at the Treasury a deputation of working coachmakers, who, introduced by Colonel Duncan, M.P., urged the repeal of the carriage tax, said his hands were tied, as it would be contrary to all precedent for a Chancellor of the Exchequer to anticipate the announcements of his forthcoming Budget. He would, however, promise to see what modifications he could adopt to meet as far as possible the special grievances as to the incidence of the impost.

Speaking in East St. Pancras, Mr. R. G. Webster, M.P., said that he was not averse to a well-considered change in the system of London government, but he was not going to gain a certain amount of fleeting popularity by attacking the men who were carrying out the present system, which Parliament had itself authorised, and who were carrying out their multifarious and difficult duties in the main both efficiently and well.

The Postmaster-general has, it is stated, referred the question of Sunday postal labour to a number of experienced postmasters in different parts of the country, whose reports will receive careful consideration. They have been asked to state their views with reference to the practicability of separating letters from books and circulars with a view to lightening the Sunday delivery, but at present the official opinion appears to be that this course would be attended with extreme difficulty.

Lord Salisbury's visit to Carnarvon is fixed for April 10th.

At a meeting at Manchester to consider the best means of restoring the cathedral, a public appeal for £20,000 was decided on.

Prominent women of Paris are signing a petition for the suppression or restriction of impure literature, and a league of public morals has been formed.

A clergyman has just given £25,000 to the funds of the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel, which is the largest donation probably, as distinguished from a legacy ever given.

The handkerchief hemmers in Torrance's Works, Glasgow, have struck because the employer wishes to take 7d. off every 100 dozen handkerchiefs hemmed. The girls earn 5s. weekly.

The will and two codicils of Alderman Sir John Staples, ex-Lord Mayor of London, who died on the 16th ult., were proved on the 18th inst., the value of the personal estate exceeding £108,000.

The body of a publican named Thredgold has been found in a hayloft at Harey, near Gainsborough. The skull was blown to pieces, and a gun was found near the body.

In the Queen's Bench Division a landress named Strong has obtained a verdict of £75 damages and costs against the West Metropolitan Tramways Company for personal injuries.

California has now 20,000 acres of orange trees and Florida 80,000 acres. The crop now ripening on Californian trees is estimated at 1,400,000 boxes, whereas Florida's crop is placed at 1,100,000 boxes.

Charles Arbuckle, a millionaire coffee merchant, of New York, neglected to fill an alleged promise to marry Miss Clara Campbell, and Miss Clara has obtained judgment in the Supreme Court for \$46,182.

A Bath gentleman, named Marden, who was formerly in the Indian Civil Service, was, a few days ago, found in a first-class carriage of the up train at Swindon with a bullet wound in his temple and a six-chambered revolver by his side.

Lord Cranbrook and Cadogan attended the Privy Council on Tuesday, at Windsor, as well as Sir Richard Garth, who was sworn a member, and the Earl of Galloway, who was installed a Knight of the Thistle.

Mr. A. J. Balfour has written a letter defending the resident magistrates in Ireland from the attacks which are being made upon them. They are, he says, discharging a difficult duty with zeal and fidelity.

The Duke of Newcastle is the present lion of New York "society." Not only are susceptible ladies admiring him with characteristic Transatlantic fervour, but even proud business men are vying with each other in their hospitality.

The dancers at a ball held at the Aspinall Arms, Mytton, were at about one o'clock interrupted by the police. Afterwards forty-five of them were summoned under the licensing laws. They, however, not off, thanks to the defence that they were servants of the invited guests.

Leah Gealish was, at the Thames Police Court on Tuesday, committed for trial on the charge of having stabbed a tailor, named Aaron Reason. The prosecutor was still in the hospital, and it was stated that he had a narrow escape, the knife having entered one of his legs near an artery.

John Bell, a porter, has been remanded at the Margate Police Court on the charge of having stolen a diamond pin from a gentleman at the "Law and Liberty League" demonstration at the Seymour-place Riding School on the previous night.

Advices from Burmah state that the Ava district is much disturbed, and that numerous outrages have been committed. A large gang of dacoits being close to the town, whilst the hill townships are also in an unsettled state owing to the incursions of Shan dacoits.

Parisian "society" has a new pastime. At fashionable evening parties photographic representations of "society" are introduced by the agency of the oxy-hydrogen magic lantern. The representations invariably contain portraits of many of the guests of the evening.

An action brought by Mr. Brady, a clerk and traveller, against Mr. Fisher, the proprietor of the White Horse Brewery, Shepherd's Bush, to recover damages for alleged slander, was heard in the Queen's Bench Division this week, and resulted in a verdict for the defendant, without costs.

A sheriff's jury, sitting at Liverpool this week, have awarded George Duxbury, a widow, the sum of £150 for the loss of her husband, whose death was caused by the defendant, William Lawrence Byrne, a butcher, at Birkenhead, in June last. The defendant had been convicted of the manslaughter of Duxbury.

Samuel Tatham, a prisoner in Medina county, Ohio, awaiting transportation to a penitentiary to serve a sentence of seven years, adopted an extraordinary method of suicide. He tore his handkerchief in two, rolled the pieces into balls and pushed them down his throat, choking himself to death.

The French war papers are making the most of the acquittal of Kauffman, the German soldier who shot a French officer and pursued him in dautown while they were pursuing game in dautown. They try to make this acquittal into a fresh and deliberate insult to France. It admits, however, of no such construction.

Titled ladies who take shops in the West-end have one grievance. Customers don't deem it sufficient that "my lady" should own the shop, select the material, and set the fashion. "I found," said one of the order lately, "that people actually wanted to be waited upon by a countess." And her presence in the establishment quintupled the receipts.

General Robert, of New York, is tremendously annoyed. Nearly fifty years ago Miss Mary Fleming obtained a verdict of \$2,500 against him for a breach of promise to marry. The money was not paid then, and no effort has been made to collect it in all the intervening years. But now there is a suit brought against the gallant officer for the sum. And there is no Statute of Limitations to bar it.

According to the report of the Metropolitan District Railway for the half-year ending December 31st, the net profit was £28,572 less than in the corresponding period of the previous year. This serious falling off is mainly attributed to the fact that there was no exhibition at Kensington last year, but among other causes glanced at are the general depression and the increased omnibus competition.

The colour of asbentine—a dark delicious green—in its pre-washed state, is extremely pretty, and it is therefore no wonder that ladies should have chosen it for their dresses. It suits blondes admirably, particularly when its tone is relieved with a little gold braid or trimming, and is a pleasing variation after the eternal and hackneyed blue, greenish, or heliotrope, of which eyes are now so fond.

In the case of the two men charged before Mr. D'Eyncourt at Westminster Police Court with attempting to pick pockets and with loitering at Hyde Park Corner for a felonious purpose, it was objected that, as the prisoners had not been seen in the neighbourhood before, they could not be convicted of "frequenting," the word which is used in the statute, and which, according to the judges, is to be interpreted literally. Mr. D'Eyncourt regretted that he was bound by the judges' ruling, and discharged the prisoners.

Mr. Justice Kewich has decided the case of Ehrlich v. Ilibe, the hearing of which occupied him for several days, and created some amusement. The plaintiff sought to restrain the defendant from an alleged infringement of patent in the manufacture of musical-boxes, and the rival instruments were produced in court, and at intervals of the proceedings it became necessary, in order to exhibit their mechanism, to enliven the court with their music. His lordship granted the injunction applied for, with costs, and ordered an inquiry as to damages.

The Indian Budget will be published on the 24th of March.

A large number of Englishmen and Americans studying at the Berlin University have resolved to found a club of English-speaking students.

Two of the Queen's carriages have been sent from Windsor to Florence, for the use of her Majesty during her visit to the continent.

Sir Bernhard Samuelson, M.P., presiding at the annual meeting of the Association of Chambers of Commerce, congratulated the members on the improvement in trade and manufactures.

The Registrar-general reports that the death-rate in London last week to 206 per 1,000, as compared with an average of 227 during the first seven weeks of the current quarter.

Pleurisy-pneumonia has broken out in a dairy of nearly seventy cows in Sheppey, Kent, and eight animals have had to be slaughtered. It is feared the disease will spread.

Count Tolstol, the Russian Minister of the Interior, has submitted to the Committee of Ministers a bill to prohibit peasant proprietors in Russia from selling their land.

The polling for the election of a Common Councilman for the ward of Aldersgate on Tuesday, there being four candidates, resulted in the return of Mr. Houlder.

A Parliamentary paper has been issued containing the text of the agreement between the British and French Governments relative to the New Hebrides.

Lord Salisbury will receive a deputation from the Proportional Representation Society on the 2nd of March with reference to the Local Government Bill.

In Dublin William Stapleton has been remanded, on his own bail, charged with having caused the death of Samuel Payne, during the course of a Gaelic football match at Dalkey on the 18th inst.

By the death of Samuel Potter, at Stapenhill, Burton-on-Trent, another of the heroes of Balaklava has passed away. At the time of the famous charge Potter was a corporal in the 4th Light Dragoons, now the 1st Hussars, and was subsequently promoted to the rank of sergeant.

Mr. James Tyson, a Queensland millionaire, was away about the seediest man south of the line. One day in a town near Melbourne an infuriated constable gave him twenty-four hours to clear out of the town, under penalty of being run in for having no visible means of support.

At Thornham, near Rochdale, Frederick Fitton, about 5 years old, has been shot dead by a youth named Meacock. While at play in a stable, Meacock took up a gun which lay on a shelf, and pointing it at the child, discharged it with fatal effect.

At a meeting of the City Commissioners of Sewers on Tuesday, the report recommending a contract with the Anglo-American Brush Corporation for lighting a portion of the City by electricity was referred back to the committee for further consideration.

At Pentecost, South Sea Islands, Mr. Vernon Lee Walker, a merchant of Wolverhampton, who for four years had been trading with the natives, on December 21st went ashore with a boat's crew of four friends. They were attacked by 100 natives and massacred.

The Manchester stipendiary has remanded George Gregory, who was superintendent of a Sunday school, and who was arrested a short time ago on a charge of embezzling nearly £3,000. He said it was nearer £4,000, and offered to give all the assistance in his power.

Sir William Harcourt was the guest of the Eighty Club on Tuesday evening, and, in responding to a toast, alluded to the recent elections as evidence that the country was against the Government. He said that instead of the Government putting down the National League, the League was putting down the Government.

In reply to numerous rumours that Russia was moving in the Bulgarian question, it is denied that she has issued any note on the subject, but it is stated that the Russian ambassadors have been instructed to call the attention of the Governments to which they are accredited to the state of Bulgaria.

George Henry Ogden, late relieving officer in the employ of the Bazaar and Beausamir Guardians, pleaded guilty at the Carnarvonshire Assizes this week to defrauding the union of sums amounting to £1,300 by means of false relief returns. The prisoner attributed his downfall to speculation in shipping. Sentence was deferred.

The Exchequer returns from the 1st of April, 1887, to the 18th of February, 1888, show the receipts to have been £77,340,162; expenditure, £74,832,195; and balances, £2,507,967. In the corresponding period of last year the receipts were £78,475,368; expenditure, £77,630,063; and balances, £2,845,305.

Mr. John Swift, manufacturer, Arundel-street, was summoned before the Sheffield stipendiary for having had in his possession roll tobacco fit for sale, which, on being dried at a temperature of 212 degrees Fahrenheit, was decreed in weight by more than 35 per cent. A fine of £5 and 6s. costs was imposed.

A meeting of the Baptist Union Council in London this week discussed Mr. Spurgeon's message to the council in reply to the deputation recently appointed to visit him, and adopted a resolution, moved by Dr. Clifford, as to the doctrinal beliefs of the Union by thirty-five votes to five, the Rev. J. A. Spurgeon being one of the minority.

In the Belgian Chamber this week a question was put to the Ministry regarding the recent reports about the conclusion of a treaty between Belgium and some foreign Power. Prince de Chimay, the Foreign Minister, however, stated that Belgium remained faithful to her obligations of neutrality and no one had endeavoured to turn her into a belligerent.

An agent named Stutshbury has been committed for trial at the Mansion House for harbouring his son. The latter had embezzled valuable property belonging to Messrs. Benson, his employers, and absconded; and the father was said to have assisted his son in evading the police, and to have destroyed the pawn tickets relating to the jewellery which the son had pawned.

At the annual meeting of the Glasgow shipowners the week, the chairman, Mr. Alexander Allan, of the Allan Line, said the slight spurt towards the end of last year had gone off, and earnings had become most unremunerative. When the ships now building were ready the shipping trade would be further depressed, and he believed that before the end of the year there would be a collapse in shipbuilding.

There is a lively affair proceeding in Guayaquil, Ecuador. A priest, temporarily in charge of a bishopric in that city, excommunicated the judges of the Supreme Court. This was the commencement of the persecution of those incidents have been the result of the episcopal persecution by a furious mob, and the firing upon the mob by the military—with the result that several were killed and injured.

At the annual meeting of the News-vendors' Benevolent and Provident Institution on Tuesday night, it was reported that the Royal Victoria Pension Fund, which her Majesty had given permission to be founded in commemoration of the jubilee, was being got into working order. The chairman (Mr. Charles R. White) suggested a plan for raising £500 by the issue of sovereign subscription cards, and a practical beginning was made at the meeting.

Mr. Secretary Bayard intends to inform the consuls of foreign countries that the invoices of goods imported into the United States must be accurate. An investigation has shown that English and Scotch woollen imports have been reckoned at 37in. to the yard, and that other erroneous measurements have been made, either deliberately to defraud the revenue or in recompense for falsely alleged defects, or in lieu of

trade discounts. The Custom House penalties will now be enforced.

An addition of 300 men is about to be made to the Liverpool city police force.

Sir Henry Holland on his elevation to the peerage takes the title of Baron Knutsford.

While seven ladies were skating on a pool at St. George's, near Wellington, Shropshire, the ice gave way and two of them were drowned.

Two thousand people are reported to have been killed by the terrific earthquake which has occurred at Yunnan, in China.

The Queen has sent £2 to the wife of a farm labourer, named M'Croom, residing near Portland, who, recently gave birth to triplets.

Mr. William De Chair Baker, the founder of the Canterbury cricket week, has died at his residence in that city.

The commander-in-chief of the United States Army, General Sheridan, has announced that under no circumstances would he accept nomination as a candidate for the Presidency.

Mr. Salter, the mayor of Argonia, Kan., is a great reformer. She has shut up the rum shops, and driven the gamblers and the rustlers out of the town.

The Earl of Londale sailed from Queenstown on Thursday in the White Star steamer Republic for the Arctic regions, to shoot bears and other wild animals.

Official telegrams received in Cairo from Wady Halfa state that the dervish force at Sarras is breaking up, owing to scarcity of provisions and general discontent.

Intelligence has reached Melbourne from Apica that the Germans have deported two Samson chiefs for inciting the natives to resist the party which overthrew the ex-king.

Sir Michael Hicks-Beach, who has accepted the office of President of the Board of Trade, has been re-elected unopposed as member for West Bristol.

A movement is on foot for raising a permanent memorial to the late Edward Thring, head master of Uppingham School, and an influential committee has been formed to carry out the work.

The Queen of Sweden, Prince Oscar, and suite left London on Monday for Bournemouth. Her Majesty paid a visit to the ex-Empress Eugenie, at Farnborough, on the way.

The construction of the Mossel Bay forts, Cape Colony, is being vigorously prosecuted under the combined control of the Imperial and Colonial Governments.

Two men, named Joseph Stockley, alias Charles Cope, and John Robinson, alias John Watson, have been remanded, at Lichfield, on a charge of burglariously entering the palace of the Bishop of Lichfield.

John Janaschek, a farmer, of New Prague, Minnesota, had a quarrel with his wife about a piece of property, which she owned. During it he shot and killed her, then wounded his ten-year-old daughter, and then committed suicide.

Baron De Worme has been appointed Under-secretary to the Colonies; and Lord Onslow, who formerly held that office, has undertaken the office of Parliamentary Secretary to the Board of Trade.

Columbia College has added a department in the collegiate course for women, by which, after post graduate study, they may take degrees as masters and doctors of arts, and a higher course for doctors of letters and doctors of philosophy.

Writing to a Sydney newspaper, Lord Carnarvon once more contradicts the statement that Mr. Parnell's Home Rule proposals had his approval. His lordship states that such an assertion is absolutely without foundation.

A firm of grocers at Cokermonth have been fined £7 for selling without license, as a temperance drink, a bottle of cowslip wine which contained 28 per cent. of spirit, "a greater quantity of alcohol than is found in good sherry."

The metropolitan Conservative members held their first sessional meeting this week, and Sir Algernon Borthwick was re-elected chairman, and Mr. Bauman (who has just returned from India) secretary.

At the Rotherham Police Court, Ann Middleton, single woman, of Hartill, has been committed for trial at the assizes on the charge of having murdered her child at Kiveton Park on the 8th inst.

Sheriff Matson, of Chicago, received a letter from a woman in Cerro Gordo, Ill., asking him to send her one strand of a rope that had been used to hang some person. She had been told, she wrote, that it would "cure the fits from which her boy suffered."

The Koreans are essentially a superstitious people. Lastly they have been freely discussing the probability of serious trouble in that kingdom, which they allege is foreshadowed by the early fall of snow, accompanied by thunder and lightning.

It has been decided that Josef Hofmann, the boy pianist, shall cease to perform immediately, and not play in public for a number of years. The doctors declare that he is overworked, and that his health is falling under the strain, as he suffers from fatigue and nervous prostration.

It is stated that the Incorporated Law Society proposes to apply to Parliament for an extension of the jurisdiction which they now possess over solicitors. The society seeks to be invested with the same power over solicitors that the benchers of the Inns of Court have over barristers.

It is stated that the Queen has "commanded" a special performance at the Albert Hall of "The Golden Legend" on the 8th of May. Mesdames Albani and Patey, and Messrs. Banks and Santley will be the chief vocalists, and Sir Arthur Sullivan will conduct.

At a conference of jewellers and silversmiths on hall-marking, held at Birmingham this week, objection was taken to the duty on gold and silver plate, the licensing of the trade, and the hall-marking of goods; and a resolution was passed in favour of the abolition of the duty and a reform of the laws regarding hall-marking.

At Darwen, James McClellan, 31, was charged with embezzling £54. The prisoner was manager for the Darwen branch of the Wigan Coal and Iron Company, and recently absconded after having, it is stated, embezzled £400. The prosecutor would not press the charge, but the accused was sent to prison for six months.

Owing, it is supposed, to some defect in the vacuum brake, the Scotch express, due in London on Tuesday morning, could not be stopped when it reached Euston, and consequently ran into the steps at the end of the platform. Two fish trucks behind the engine were thrown off the rails, and the passengers, of whom there were but few, sustained a severe shock.

A well-known Liverpool corner-man, named Joseph Hughes, 24, was convicted at the assizes there of robbery with violence. Mr. Justice James said he and other judges were determined, as far as possible, to put down this street ruffianism, and he would, therefore, sentence the prisoner to six months' imprisonment and forty lashes with the cat.

In passing sentence of fifteen years' penal servitude on John Gordon, who had been found guilty of attempting to murder his wife, Mr. Justice Grantham, at the Liverpool Assizes this week, expressed regret that he could not place in the dock, in order to receive punishment, the publican who served the prisoner with liquor when he was in an intoxicated condition.

A jury, at the Droivich County Court, has awarded a girl named Bell, the daughter of a police sergeant, £35 damages and costs, in an action brought by her father on her behalf, against Mr. Pinkett, veterinary surgeon, of Worcester, for malicious prosecution. The girl had been in defendant's employ as servant, and after she had left he summoned her for stealing a saucer and two egg-spoons, which had been found in her box. When the case came before the Worcester magistrates he desired to withdraw from the prosecution, but the girl's parents insisted

upon the case being investigated, and the charge was dismissed.

The Great Northern Railway is about to adopt the automatic principle of continuous brakes.

In New Zealand the Factory Act limits the working day to eight hours.

M. Worth, during the busy season, turns out about 200 gowns and 150 cloaks a week.

The fall of snow has been so heavy in Spain that in many parts the train service is entirely suspended.

The rebels at Suakin keep our troops in a state of alertness. Their raids are of very frequent occurrence now.

The metropolitan Conservative M.P.'s will support the Government in opposing Sir C. Russell's Trafalgar-square motion.

The number of thousand square miles in the British empire is 9,339. The population of this vast area is estimated at 307,000,000.

The erection of a statue of Britannia on the Hoe will be Plymouth's manner of celebrating the Armada tercentenary.

"The hospital for decayed intellects!" This is the favourite description of the New South Wales Upper House.

A woman actually tried to drown herself in Victoria the other day because her husband could drink more than she could.

The Irish peers mean to present the Prince and Princess of Wales with an allegorical figure of Ireland in commemoration of their silver wedding. The subscription is limited to £10.

The agitation against the growing influx of Chinese into Australia is taking definite shape. Already the various Australian Governments have been compelled to consider the matter.

So Sir G. A. Macfarren's successor as the principal professor of the Royal Academy of Music has at last been appointed. Dr. Mackenzie has received the honour.

During the week ending February 18th, 12,963 persons visited the South Kensington Museum. This brings the total number of visitors since the opening of the museum to 26,252,261.

Professor Levasseur estimates that between 1810 and 1874 the entire population of the world about doubled—the figures being 632 millions at the former, and 1,391 millions at the latter period.

M. Guimaraes, a Portuguese inventor, is said to have made a new repeating gun called the Archimedes, which requires neither powder nor compressed air. It is said to carry quite as far as any ordinary army rifle.

Ann Crazen, the wife of a Dundee calendar worker, in a fit of desperation took a dose of oxalic acid. A policeman was called in; he at once grasped the situation, administered a dose of mustard and water, and Ann was

A JUBILEE LOTTERY.

At Bow-street Police Court on Wednesday, William Page, alias Brewer, alias Ward, &c., was charged under the Lottery Act with publishing a lottery. Mr. Mead, who prosecuted on behalf of the Treasury, said that the circumstances were as follows:—It was intimated to the police that a lottery had been advertised by a man named Page, of 40, Adelaide-road, Shepherd's Bush. A letter was addressed there, and in reply a circular was received, announcing a "Jubilee gift for every one" of an enclosing book of tickets for a ball in this and other countries. £3,000 was to be given in prizes, and every member who was successful would have a jubilee gift. On the tickets—to be sold at 1s. each—it was represented that the enterprise was being carried out in America, Hamburg, and Paris. The first ballot was a jubilee freehold house, worth £500; second, a jubilee omnibus and pair of horses, worth £250; third, a jubilee cab and one horse, worth £150; fourth, a jubilee fat bullock, value £100; fifth, a jubilee pig, value £50; sixth, a jubilee grand William Page, value £25; seventh, a jubilee fat hog, value £15; eighth, a jubilee watch and gold chain, value £10; ninth, a jubilee fat sheep, value £5; tenth, a jubilee round of beef and one case of champagne, value £7. It was further represented that there were 5,000 other prizes. Detective-sergeant Freeman, of Scotland Yard, received a book of twenty tickets, having been appointed an agent. He had a number of interviews with the accused, who spoke of "Page" as another man who was working up the affair. The detective received a second book, and paid £12s. for the two, being given a receipt. Mr. Mead said, referring to the counterfoils of the books of tickets, that as an inducement to obtain agents, they were to deduct a sum of 4s. from the amount received for fifty tickets, and 1s. for any subsequent tickets introduced. This was a part of the scheme that was most inequitable for those joining the lottery. It was proposed to show that this scheme was not honestly carried out, and that a number of railway men and dockers had been defrauded. Mr. Mead said that he had been in the employ of the Great Western Railway Company as an agent of the jubilee ballot, and commenced selling tickets on October 11th. He continued up to December 27th. During that time he forwarded to Page upwards of 247. Witness afterwards received a turkey and some bottles of wine for distribution amongst the agents. On December 17th a fat hog was assigned to witness by Page. It was exhibited by his directions in order to sell the tickets. On December 27th the prisoner came down and said he was Page. Witness ventriloquized and some sheets purporting to be the result of the draw. Mr. Mead said he saw the ticket which was announced as the winner of the fat hog. Witness: Yes, sir. Did you sell it? Yes. For how much? Four pounds. (Laughter.) Witness afterwards received some turkeys and poultry, and pieces of beef and mutton for distribution amongst the winning numbers. Mr. Mead: In what condition was the poultry? Witness: Well, I called in the nuisance inspector. He said it was rather high, but not quite unfit for food. (Laughter.) Mr. Farman, solicitor for the defence, cross-examined the witness with a view of showing that a man named Page was really responsible for the lottery. Mr. Farman said that the fraud had been perpetrated, and he had no doubt whatever that the prisoner and Page were one and the same person. There was good reason to believe that he had been engaged in practices of the kind since the year 1885. The sheet purporting to contain the winning numbers had been prepared beforehand in order to bamboozle the minds of people. By way of a blind he had sent certain small prizes to Swindon, and this was a case where he would do his duty if he were at all tender towards the prisoner either with regard to punishment or penalty. He fined Page the maximum penalty of £50, or in default three months' imprisonment, and further to be imprisoned for three months.

SERIOUS CHARGE AGAINST A CLERGYMAN.

The Rev. Thomas Harris, M.A., Cam., vicar of West Drayton, Uxbridge, was charged at Westminster Police Court on Wednesday with assaulting George James Postance, a youth 17 years of age, in a railway carriage between Westminster and Sloane-square Stations on the District Railway. Mr. St. John Wontner, District Prosecutor, said that he was employed as a cook at a coffee-bar in Dover-street, Bishopsgate. He resided in the Vauxhall Bridge-road with his father. On Tuesday night, between eight and nine o'clock, he got in a third-class carriage at Bishopsgate with the intention of going to Victoria, to which station he had a return half ticket. At the Temple Station the defendant entered the carriage and took a seat opposite witness. Witness recognised the defendant as a gentleman who assaulted him in October. As soon as the train was out of Charing Cross Station defendant made a hissing noise with his mouth, and knocked his fist against witness's face. Witness, who was looking up at the defendant, said "Will you take some of these, Charles, it is London mixture." He told the defendant he did not want the sweets. Directly afterwards the assault commenced, and defendant kissed him. The assault was continued all the way from Westminster to Sloane-square, and he could not say why he did not leave the carriage or shout out at intermediate stations. Witness went on to a station beyond that for which his ticket was available, because he wanted to see what would happen further. He had good grounds for giving the defendant a severe beating. He was the same gentleman who assaulted him on the top of an omnibus between Liverpool-street and Charing Cross on a night in the middle of October. At Sloane-square he called the guard of the train, and made his complaint to him. Cross-examined, the prosecutor said he could not fix the exact date of the previous assault, and never told his father about it until the previous night. The day afterwards he told a cook about it—the only person to whom it was mentioned. Several railway officials gave evidence, which supported some portions of the prosecutor's statement. Police-constable Marshall said he was called by a porter to Sloane-square Station. The boy made his charge in the hearing of the defendant, and asserted that the latter offered him sweets and kissed him a dozen times. Mr. Wontner said he would call the defendant, who would on his oath give the most emphatic denial to this charge. Mr. D'Eyncourt said there must be a remand. He could not hurriedly dispose of a serious matter of this sort without further inquiry. Still, the defendant was entitled to the earliest opportunity of denying on oath the allegations against him. The defendant entered the witness-box, and said that he had been a clerk in holy orders for twenty-four years. There he got into the train foundation for the charge. He went to Blackfriars, and, never having seen the prosecutor before, he had never seen the man in his company on an omnibus on a night in October was absolutely false. For a cough he sometimes sucked ordinary sweets, and he had a packet which the prosecutor might have seen in his hand in the railway carriage. He never spoke to the prosecutor. Mr. D'Eyncourt said there must be a remand, and he would take bail in £100 for the defendant.—Sir W. Houldsworth, M.P., at once entered into the required recognisance.

Julius Clare, a miner at Crofton, in Queensland, finding the New Year's holidays hanging heavily on his hands, sought relaxation by placing a plug of dynamite in his mouth and touching it off with fuse and detonator. Julius was blown off the face of the earth.

SENTENCE FOR SHOOTING.

At the Nottingham Assizes on Thursday, before Baron Pollock, Henry Redfern, alias Henry Smith, 35, years of age, was charged with feloniously shooting at Arthur Bramley, Emma Bramley, and Elizabeth Bramley, at Kingston-on-Saer, Victoria, in December last. The prisoner was married to one of the Bramley family, and lived unhappily with his wife, who left him, and when returned to her parents. He followed her, and when she returned to her home with him he bought a revolver, and going to Bramley's wounded three of them, one very seriously. All have recovered, and Redfern, after eluding the police for a month, was arrested at Sheffield. Prisoner made a statement to the effect that he bought the revolver to shoot himself.—He was found guilty of shooting with intent to commit murder, and sentenced to fifteen years' penal servitude.

THE DYNAMITE PARTY AT HOME.

The New York Sun of February 7th contains the following interesting statement about the Fenians in the United States, which is reproduced below, headlines and all:—

FRANK BYRNE A PUBLICAN.

A FINE PLACE THIS WOULD HAVE BEEN FOR BARRY BYRNE, the Irish dynamite, who was suspected of complicity in the killing of Cavendish and Burke in Phoenix Park, Dublin, opened a liquor store last night on the south-west corner of Fifty-first-street and Third-avenue. Among the Irishmen who came and drank his health were: O'Donovan Rossa, Dr. Hamilton Williams, of Greenpoint; and P. J. Tynan, the once reported No. 1 of the Phoenix Park affair. John E. Keane, the man who is said to have blown up the gas works and several public buildings in Glasgow five years ago, Professor Tarpey, Edward Phelan, who was arrested for Fenianism in Dublin in 1865; James Ryan, a big man with a fierce moustache, whose house in Dublin used to be a storehouse of Fenian arms and ammunition; ruddy-faced Major Rudolph Fitzpatrick, of West Chester, the friend of Dick Short; Edward J. Rowe, at whose saloon down town the dynamite men hold their consultations; Patrick J. Cody, P. B. Egan, and Austin E. Ford, of the Irish World; William Dalton, an old Fenian captain; Captain Edward O'Meara, of Condon, Daniel Walsh, of Greenpoint; John S. Walsh, who was arrested in Lyons, France, on suspicion of being the French Government; Edward Pillsbury St. Clair, an old Fenian; and Captain James Murphy, who is supposed to have caused the big dynamite explosion in the Clerkenwell Gaol in London.

HONESTY NOT REWARDED.

An intelligent youth applied on Thursday at the Marylebone Police Court for advice under the following extraordinary circumstances. On the 10th of January last he was walking in a park set with two diamonds and three emeralds outside his employer's shop in Praed-street, Paddington. He was looking at the value of the article, he took it to three jewellers, two of whom said it was worth £20 or £25, and the other said £12. He took the ring to the police station at Paddington Green on the 12th ult., and deposited it with the officials, and a day or so afterwards he was informed that it had been owned by a medical gentleman residing at Swanage, Dorset. The doctor wrote a letter to applicant acknowledging the loss, and what the ring, and asking where it was found, giving reward was expected. Applicant said that he had incurred the information, and that he had been riding from place to place about the matter, and he should be glad to be reimbursed those expenses, and as regarded the reward for his honesty he should leave that to the generosity of the gentleman. Since then, and up to the present time, he had not heard from the gentleman, although he had written to him four or five letters asking him to be kind enough to send him a remittance.—In reply to the information, the applicant said that he had been a magistrate, the applicant said there was not been any suggestion that he had done dishonestly by the ring.—Mr. Cooke said the applicant was a strictly true gentleman to refuse to reward a person who had behaved so honestly, and who had been the means of his property being restored to him. He felt sure that there must be some mistake somewhere; anyhow, he would get one of the clerks of the court to communicate with the gentleman, and if the applicant would call again in the course of a few days he should know the result.

AN AWFUL EXPERIENCE.

An inquest was held this week at Gawsorth, near Macclesfield, as to the death of Samuel Stubbs, 50 years of age, a pig-killer by trade. Stubbs left Gawsorth at 4.0 p.m. on the 14th inst. to walk to Booley, where he lived, four miles distant. Though warned by the landlady of the inn which he was then leaving not to go, as there was a blinding snow and a terrible gale blowing at the time, he set out on his way. When climbing over a fence, after passing through a dyke into which four feet of snow had drifted, he caught his left foot between the top rail and a wire which surmounted it, and fell headlong down into the dyke on the opposite side. His right arm was disabled by his left hand. He was found hanging by the leg at eleven a.m. on the 15th by a man who was passing along a little further on. He was still conscious, and was conveyed to the Harrington Arms, where restoratives were applied. He died on Monday. Stubbs described before his death the terrible sufferings, mental and physical, through which he passed while suspended for eighteen hours by the foot. When he fell his head and shoulders became entangled in the snow in the dyke. The desperate nature of his struggles, the ditch bank and rooted out the snow, and he was unable to get up. He was found hanging by the leg at eleven a.m. on the 15th by a man who was passing along a little further on. He was still conscious, and was conveyed to the Harrington Arms, where restoratives were applied. He died on Monday. Stubbs described before his death the terrible sufferings, mental and physical, through which he passed while suspended for eighteen hours by the foot. When he fell his head and shoulders became entangled in the snow in the dyke. The desperate nature of his struggles, the ditch bank and rooted out the snow, and he was unable to get up. 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TO LET—(CONTINUED).

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